

# Events.

## Provincial Agents.

### PROVINCE.

ARR. (with Lan-  
tern) Dec. 14th,  
15th; Nelson, Dec.  
16th, 17th, 18th, 21st;  
23rd, 24th, 25th;  
27th, 28th; East  
Bozeman, Dec. 30th.

### O PROVINCE.

with Lantern) will  
th, 10th, 11th, 12th,  
13th, 14th, 15th, 16th,  
17th, 18th, 19th, 20th; New-  
22nd, 23rd, 24th,  
25th, 26th, 27th, 28th.

### PROVINCE.

NZIE (with Lan-  
tern) Dec. 12th,  
13th, 14th, 15th;  
16th, 17th; Mandan,  
Helmick, Dec.  
18th, 19th, 20th, 21st,  
22nd, 23rd, 24th,  
25th, 26th, 27th, 28th,  
29th, 30th, 31st; Grand  
ton, Jan. 2nd, 3rd.

### PROVINCE.

(with Lantern)  
Dec. 11th, 12th;  
13th, 14th, 15th, 16th,  
17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st,  
22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

### PROVINCE.

(with Lantern)  
y, Dec. 12th, 13th;  
14th, 15th, 16th, 17th,  
18th, 19th, 20th, 21st;  
Westville, Dec.  
22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th,  
26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

### O PROVINCE.

NAY (with Lan-  
tern) Dec. 12th, 13th,  
14th, 15th, 16th, 17th,  
18th, 19th, 20th, 21st,  
22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st.

### Secretary for

visits: Port  
William, Jan.  
14th to 14th; Por-  
15th; Grand  
18th; Devil's  
City, Jan. 20th,  
22nd; James-  
Mismarek, Jan.

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# WAR OR

## CHRISTMAS



*Yours in the battle  
for God and souls  
Evangeline Booth*



CHRISTMAS 1896



AND THERE WERE IN THE SAME COUNTRY SHEPHERDS ABIDING IN THE FIELD, KEEPING WATCH OVER THEIR FLOCK BY NIGHT.

AND, LO, THE ANGEL OF THE LORD CAME UPON THEM, AND THE GLORY OF THE LORD SHONE ROUND ABOUT THEM: AND THEY WERE SORE AFRAID.

AND THE ANGEL SAID UNTO THEM, FEAR NOT: FOR, BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY,

WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE.

FOR UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY, IN THE CITY OF DAVID SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD.


AND THIS SHALL BE A SIGN UNTO YOU: YE SHALL FIND THE BABE WRAPPED IN SWADDLING CLOTHES, LYING IN A MANGER.

AND SUDDENLY THERE WAS WITH THE ANGEL A MULTITUDE OF THE HEAVENLY HOST, PRAISING GOD, AND SAYING.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN. \*\*\*

THERE CAME WISE MEN FROM THE EAST

\*\*\* LO, THE STAR, WHICH THEY SAW IN THE EAST, WENT BEFORE THEM TILL IT CAME AND STOOD OVER WHERE THE YOUNG CHILD WAS.





# 'THILLITFATE.'



THILLITFATE is a Soldier in the town of Hordgo. He was once an Officer, but, allowing himself to be influenced over much by his own character and nature, he got discouraged and resigned. The influence, however, that he left upon his comrades is far from dead, and now and again a resignation is sent in to Headquarters through his influence. As a Soldier, he is considered a sort of quiet, sober and deep-thinking individual, and it is only too plain to notice that the lives of the Soldiers and Local Officers, are patterned upon his.

Now, a word about the Corps at Hordgo. It had been better days, but at this time it was dead, and had been at a standstill for a long time. The same few Soldiers always on the march, no change in the testimonies, and during the whole year only three or four had knelt at the penitent-form, and they had joined other churches in the town, because, said they, none spoke to them, or encouraged them to testify. You have now full idea of the condition of the Corps, there seemed but one thing to do with it, viz. close it up; and the Captain, who was forewelling at this time, advised Headquarters to do so, as did the Soldiers excepting one, a brother named Look-Ahead, who was indeed an oasis in a desert. Headquarters considered.

## The Application to Close up.

but on receiving a letter from Brother Look-Ahead, pleading with them to send Officers once more, they decided to appoint Captain Overcome and Lieutenant Never-Give-In to the Corps.

The Thursday came for the new Officers to arrive. On their way, they were talking of the victories they expected, in their new field of labor, when the brakeman shouted, "Next station Hordgo!" "Hallelujah!" shouted the Lieutenant, "Here's our home," said the Captain, and by the time they had got their valises together, the train stopped. Brother Look-Ahead and Sergeant-Major Live-In-the-Past came and escorted them to the quarters and after a little prayer the Officers were by themselves.

There was to be no meeting that night, so they unpacked their trunks, and made their little quarters look cheerful by hanging a few mottons on the wall. The next day they visited a few Soldiers, and among the number was Brother Live-In-the-Past, and, State, said the Captain, they came. Answering to the Captain's question as to how he was in his soul, Brother Live-In-the-Past assured him that ten years ago he was saved. He also told how that years ago

with ninety Soldiers on the roll. Hallelujah!" shouted the Lieutenant. "While there's life there's hope," said the Captain, "there's no hope for this place, but I trust for the best," said Live-In-the-Past. After some prayer the Officers called to see Sister Take-Things-They-Come, who assured them that all was well with her. The meeting that night was only attended by the Soldiers. The Officers seemed disappointed, but the Captain rose to give out the first song with a ring of victory in his voice. "We're a band that shall conquer the foe!" Of course we are!" responded the Lieutenant. "Glory to God!" shouted Brother Look-Ahead. "Lord, grant it!" groaned out Thillitfate, and very soon they were singing it very heartily.

During the prayers, one Soldier was sitting on the seat with his head bowed, and another on one knee, until the Captain shouted, "Let us all get

**Down Before God on Both Knees,**

and claim a mighty outpouring of His Spirit." Two or three prayed.

The Lieutenant gave out a second song, and then testimonies were asked for. The first to rise was Brother Live-In-the-Past, who, with a solemn voice, said: "Dear friends, I am glad I'm saved; ten years ago I knelt at the Cross, and I've never come on ever since. I have my trials, and I hope you will all pray that I may prove faithful." The Lieutenant started the chorus, "Never say die," after which Sister Take-Things-They-Come assured them that she was steadfast and unmovable, and that she believed all nations would work together for good. Another chorus, and Sergeant-Major Live-In-the-Past testified, "I thank God for what I am, and where I am; it's beautiful to rest

**In the Lord's Arm Chair,**

I hope to be kept ever there."

The Officer looked puzzled at such testimony. After another chorus, Brother Thillitfate rose to speak. Every ear was strained to hear what he had to say, and thus he commenced: "I have been think-

ing, while sitting here and listening to the testimonies, especially to the Sergeant-Major's, what a beautiful thing it is to be able to sit by the fire-side and sing 'Blessed Assurance.' I have also been wondering why we don't get souls saved, and why our crowds are so small, and I come to this conclusion that as an Army we've done our work in this town, and if Headquarters had been here they would have closed up this place as we advised them; but in spite of all, I mean to see the end of a praying life."

When Brother Look-Ahead testified there was a ring of victory in his voice which greatly encouraged the Officers. After the Lieutenant had spoken, the Captain read a few verses from I. Kings, xix., about Elijah being discouraged.

The Officers went to their quarters heavy-hearted, but determined upon having victory.

## They Spent the Night in Prayer.

The Week-end meetings were very powerful times. On the Saturday a backslider came to the penitent-form, and early next morning the Captain called for him to take him to kneel-drill. There were five at kneel-drill, Bro. Thillitfate and Look-Ahead, the Officers and their new convert. A real good time was enjoyed, and Thillitfate, on his way home, called in to see the Sergeant-Major, who had just got out of bed. Of course the new convert was their topic.

"Do you think he'll stand?" asked the Sergeant-Major.

"No," answered Thillitfate, "he's begun too well. Why, he was out saved last night, and this morning he prayed for all the Soldiers that was absent. Fancy him praying for us who have been saved four years! We don't need his prayers."

"You are right," chimed in Mrs. Sit-at-case, who was cooking the breakfast. "I am sure we can pray for ourselves." And after once again expressing their opinions as to the reality of the convert, they parted.

When Thillitfate arrived home, his wife - for he had

## Married a Miss Scoptical

after leaving the Army - had breakfast ready for him, after partaking of which, he called to see Brother Live-In-the-Past. The new convert was once again the topic, and Brother Live-In-the-Past reminded him how that two years ago the convert had come to the penitent-form, and only kept true six months, also suggesting that some one should ask the Captain to not let him sit on the platform for three months.

The Sergeant-Major was picked out to propose this to the Captain, who declined. The Captain wisely suggested the slip, "If you yourself had never made a slip."

The Sergeant-Major looked puzzled. He left the Barracks, went home, and came back to the meetings that day. Two no more to the meetings that day. I've heard since that he spent the day in prayer. The rest of the meetings that day were times of power, and at night two souls got gloriously converted. Brother Look-Ahead and the Lieutenant

## Shouted and Danced with Joy.

but the Captain was rather sad, for he had noticed Thillitfate suggesting to the other Soldiers that "it was common to have a good time the first Sunday of a new Officer." It would soon be our turn, he thought, and he had not been an Officer, and therefore ought to know?

The Soldiers quite believed what Thillitfate said, but the Captain, who had been listening to all that was said, saw plainly that it was Thillitfate who was influencing the Soldiers, and determined to put things right as soon as possible. He felt that if he could get Thillitfate converted into a powerful, believing man of God, he would soon get the others.

The next day, while out visiting, they called upon Thillitfate, who was busy reading

## "The Ascent of Man."

The Captain asked him how he was in his soul, and after receiving the answer, "Well, Brother Thillitfate, I am convinced your life does not please God," for he says, "Without faith it is impossible to please Him." Peter had the same nature, and through it nearly sank beneath the waves, and if you are not careful, you will come to grief." Upon hearing this, Thillitfate dropped on his knees and cried, "Oh, Lord, increase my faith!" "Amen!" shouted the Officers, and a red-hot prayer meeting followed.

The rest of the Soldiers were visited that day, with a like result, and the Officers went to their quarters rejoicing.

The meeting that night was a powerful time. One after another confessed their wrongs and backslidings, and before closing the meeting, the Holy Spirit came upon them in a mighty manner. From that night souls were saved. Thillitfate became a man of mighty faith, and the Corps in the town of Hordgo is a flourishing concern, and might have been years before but for LITTLE-FAITH.

CAPTAIN SIMS.

A certain man a short while ago remarked, "If God was made of tobacco and rum, he would have lots of people to follow him." - Capt. Snow, N.Y.

# Christmas, Past and Present.

## A NEWFOUNDLANDER'S MUSICAL ADVENTURES.



HE subject of our story is a young man of not more than twenty summers, tall and slight, with a pair of blue-grey eyes, that seemed to say, before his conversion, 'no was not satisfied. True he had a kind mother and father, loving brothers and sisters, and a good home. But that does not make one happy without Christ.

From his earliest recollections he says he was passionately fond of music. His father used to keep a saloon, and that brought lots of men together at Christmas time.

Once, while some Scotchmen were there with their violins, Brother F. said he got so fond of the music that he started to make a violin himself. After a lot of failures he got one made, good enough to play a tune on. Before very long he was

## The Happy Possessor

of a fine violin, and started right away to try and learn to play before Christmas came along.

He succeeded well enough for the boys to dance at Christmas time, and soon got the name of being one of the best violinists around. This, of course, brought him into plenty of company, which he would have not got into otherwise. Christmas was looked forward to as a time of making and making lots of money, for he used to get as much as five dollars per night. He told me that for a whole week at this season he never got a proper night's rest. His mother was a worldly Christian, and sometimes had dancing parties at her home, and Brother F. was expected to help entertain the company.

There was soon to be a step come to these things. The noisy Salvation Army, in the form of

## Two Simple Hallelujah Leases

landed at his home the first day of November, 1883. Brother F., of course, attended the meetings when he was not off on what he called "a time." There he heard the melting story of Calvary's Bleeding Lamb, God's Spirit spoke to his heart, which could not be easily hushed. Night after night he left the Barracks a miserable sinner. Satan whispered in his ear, "It's too near Christmas now to get saved, and they all expect you to play for their amusement." But one night, at a private meeting, he came and asked to be admitted. After a hard struggle he came out to the penitent-form. That night he went home to his friends, singing, "He pardoned a rebel like me."

The next day he said to his mind, "We'll have F. back before Christmas."

## If Money Can do it.

"The times are bad and he'll not refuse a few dollars."

But Christmas came and found our hero on the Salvation Army platform, with his violin, singing the praises of Jesus, truly enjoying a holy, happy Christmas.

Some kind friends told him it was all right to be saved, but there was no need of joining the Salvation Army. Was there not lots of work in the church? An absent sister wrote him, saying she was glad to hear of his conversion, yet hoped he would join the church, as she had no room for Salvation Army fanatics. To-day, praise the Lord, he stands a full-fledged blood and fire Salvationist.

ENSIGN JANET EBSARY.

# SAVED, and an Army Lass

By R. C. Victoria.

Tune, "When Jack Comes Home."

My girl is saved and marching on.  
A Soldier brave and true;  
Under the flag that bears the star,  
The Yellow, Red and Blue.

## Chorus.

Praying, praying,  
Now it has come to pass;  
My girl's come home, no more to roam,  
Saved, and an Army lass.

Many a tear I wiped away,  
But joyful things came;  
My heart is glad, where once 'twas sad,  
She's saved from sin and shame.

Now she is marching on to save  
And rescue from the mire,  
She fights for God with sword and shield,  
Salvation Blood and Fire.

# SHARP SHOT.

By ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.

Be true to your name-Salvationist.  
Love can hope where reason would despair.  
Every temptation gives an opportunity to get nearer to God.  
The lives of many Officers that I have met are visible rhetoric.

The sea ebbs and flows, but the rock remains unmoved always.  
Are the sinners who attend our Barracks going to hell with their eyes wide open?

All true merit ceases the moment we perform an act for the sake of its consequences.

Pride had her beginning among the angels who fell, her continuance on earth, and will have her end in hell.

Union is a ground of communion. This is the kind of "Communion of the saints" that we Salvationists believe in.

As a needle in a compass trembles till it settles in the north point, so my heart found no rest till I settled in Christ.

Alexander once said to a soldier, of the same name as himself, who had proved himself a coward on the field of battle: "Either change your name or honor it!"

A horse is not known by his bridle, or by the middle that he wears, but by his qualities; so men are known and esteemed by the character they possess.

Some Christians are like chestnuts; they may be very good and sound, but they are enclosed in very prickly bars. Look out for the critics; they are full of burrs.

Our lips may adore religion, but our lives must adore it. How many men we meet with will wrangle for their religion, write for it, defend it, fight for it, and even die for it, yet they will not live for it.

The desire for more power caused angels to fall; the desire for more knowledge caused man to fall, but in pure love to God there is no excess; neither can man nor angels come into danger by it. Give me love!

It is almost as dangerous to give an



monition to some people as to take a thorn from a lion's paw.

No man can hinder our communion with God. Every Salvationist can hold a Barracks within his breast, appoint himself the Captain, his heart the sacred altar, and the earth he treads on the altar.

How many comrades we used to know in the Army's early days who used to pray much for others, and who begged the prayers of other comrades that they might be kept true, but now they have left the "baker's trade" and live in an imaginary image of their own self-conceited sufficiency.

"The only way to gain spiritual power is by secret waiting at the Throne of God for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Every moment spent in real prayer is a moment spent in refreshing the fire of God within the soul. This fire cannot be simulated; nothing else will produce its effects."

But the Lord's own appointment means, nothing but 'waiting at the Throne,' nothing but keeping the heart under 'the eyes of the Lord,' to be pure and again, and again, penetrated by His Spirit, can put the soul into that condition in which it is a meet instrument to impart the light and power of God to other men."



BY THE F.



appeared to consider it very desirable to make a temporary home of any place, and I have seen many who could be

I was anxious to get home - I had enough of the cold wind - enough of the blinding sleet, enough of every man finding myself a step back instead of forwards, and a great more than enough of numbing frozen fingers, too. The sun had set, and all seemed in readiness to welcome the stars. Hence, I did not feel inclined to be detained anybody or anything. But when I was passing by that wet figure, I have passed by that wet figure, standing higher than the gutter mounds, or look for one-half second at that little fire, and turn only away, saying, "I can't stop a mile. They were the finest of playing title and seek with the hawks, the smallest of feet with the out from her shoes, but that grasped tight some trousers, pinched little features, and then a look seemed to ask for the soul that seemed to ask for eyes to look through and say, 'It is in the skies.'"

It was weak and fragile, the first time me stony, but of the Heaven the spirit which, through timidity, spoke itself in terrible words, "Salvation is here!"

As I looked down upon the truder, full of love, wonder, and I seemed for the moment expression for much of what I felt -

**"You Little Thing!"**

For she was such a little thing on the snow-path like a snail, a bird, looking into the face who was daily sharing in the struggle against hell and sin. "Can I help?" All wonder, to whether God could use a creature upon His great field as a means of His power. Could such a creature any assistance in the road of does weary those of so growth, and perplex minds greater intelligence. Could service of such a little thing? I to say? Judging from the and anticipation with which was put, it would have been answer in the negative. Yes, why need I? Cannot God do things? Does He not do things that He not choose, in instances, the small before the weak before the mighty, the moment spent in real prayer is a child to lead, and the child to be first?

It was a little thing, the crow into the midst of the crowd, the purpose of leaving an enigma of all ages as a Kingdom of Heaven in like. It was by the means of a boy that God chose to ask sacrifice of one of His children - "the Father of the saints" - "the Father of the poor" - how much he loved we find when we come to

# SHARP SHOT.

By ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.

Do true to your name—Salvationist.

Love can hope where reason would despair.

Every temptation gives an opportunity to get nearer to God.

The lives of many Officers that I have met are visible rhetoric.

The sea ebbs and flows, but the rock remains unmoved always.

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The desire for more power caused man to fall; the desire for more knowledge caused man to fall, but in pure love to God there is no excess; neither man nor angels come into danger of it. Give me love!

It is almost as dangerous to give as to receive from a lion's paw.

Man can hinder our communion with God. Every Salvationist can build bricks within his breast, appoint a Captain, his heart the mortar, and the earth his treads on the mill.

Many comrades we used to know in the Army's early days who used to cheer for others, and who begged yams of other comrades that they so kept true, but now they have "broken their trade" and live in an easy image of their own self-conceit.

Only way to gain spiritual power is waiting at the throne of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Moment spent in real prayer is a spent in refreshing the life or in the now. This fire cannot be put out; nothing else will produce it.

But the Lord's own approval is nothing but "waiting at the throne of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Moment spent in real prayer is a spent in refreshing the life or in the now. This fire cannot be put out; nothing else will produce it.

Nothing but keeping the heart's eyes of the Lord, to be again, and again, penetrated by His love, put the soul into that condition which it is a most instrument of the light and power of God to.

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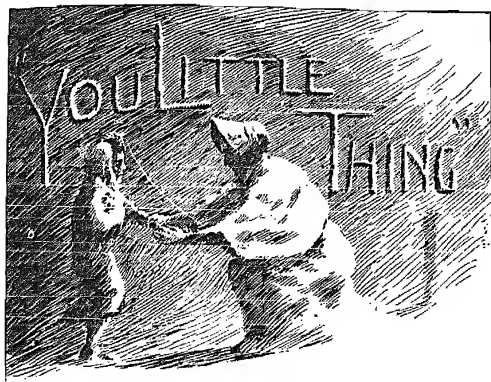
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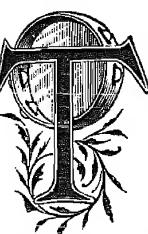
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BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.



THE snow was falling fast, as only the snow can fall when it has made up its mind to get its business over as quickly as possible. Every body out seemed as intent on getting under cover as I myself, and even the sparrows appeared to consider it very desirable to make a temporary home of my paralytic-headed neck which could be used in an unwarlike capacity.

I was anxious to get home—I had had enough of the cold wind,—much of the blinding sleet, enough of every now and then finding myself a steep backward instead of forward, and a great deal more than enough of numb toes and frozen fingers, too. The sun had long since set, and all seemed in readiness to welcome the stars. Hence, naturally, I did not feel inclined to be detained by anybody or anything. But who could have guessed by that was false, nearly standing higher than the gutter snow-mounds, or look for one-half second into that wasteful little face, and then indifferently away, saying, "I can't stop."

True, she was such a little, altogether a mite. They were the thickest of raindrops, playing hide and seek with the snowflakes, the smallest of feet which seemed out from her shoes, but lady fingers that grasped tight some treasure, and plucked little flowers telling that even a babe could be old—all this together, but the soul that seemed to me, in the "you to look through and say, "My place is in the skies."

It was weak and fragile, the little voice that broke me away, but of the strength of Heaven the spirit within, pressing through timidly, spoke itself in the faltering words, "Salvation lady, can I help?"

As I looked down upon the small intruder, full of love, wonder and admiration, I seemed for the moment to find expression for much of what I felt in the words—

**"You Little Thing"**

For she was such a little thing, standing on the snow-path like a sparrow-like feathered bird, looking into the face of one who was daily sharing in the severe struggle against hell and sin, saying, "Can I help?" I then wonder, wonder as to whether God could use such a mite upon His great field which claimed momentous power. Could such a babe render any assistance in the conflict which oft does weary those of so much older growth, and perplex minds of so much greater intelligence? Could Heaven ask service of such a little thing? What was I to say? Judging from the fervency and animation with which the question was put, it would have been cruel to answer in the negative. Yea, cried, then why need I? Cannot God use little things? Does He not daily do so? Thus it had been His way from the beginning, and had He not chosen, in so many instances, the small before the great, the weak before the mighty, the little before the much, the one before the many, the child to lead, and the least and last to be first?

It was it little thing which He drew into the midst of the crowd one day for the purpose of leaving an answer to the enquiries of all ages as to what the Kingdom of Heaven is like.

It was by the means of but a small boy that God chose to make the nearest sacrifice of one of His oldest and dearest saints—"the Father of the faithful"—to show how much he loved Him. And so prove how much he loved Him. And so prove how much he loved Him.

Such a Little Thing as a "Look"

could not possibly matter—and lost her soul.

So upon one deed, one act of dishevelled, overworn heart-breaks, sorrows and destitute long!

Look at that poor backslider over there! God sent angels after him, picked him up the broad road down—which they run so soft, with noiseless feet, rapid destruction-plucked him as a brand from the burning; pardoned his sins, placed his feet downward; and God, Heaven, angels and conscience all shouted, "Be ye separate," move on, move out, forget the things that are behind, press on to what is before; look not back; touch not, handle not the unclean thing; but tempted by more promising prospects, he sought again the smile of worldlings, became gradually scorched and blackened by the fires and smoke of "little" sins, and lost his soul.

Hence "little things" can hinder so much that they hinder all, shutting at the last the Golden Gate "Little things" also can help—help so much that they are all we need to make our fathers and mothers in Israel, giving us at last an abundant entrance into the City.

As far as earth could tell, it was a tiny thing right out of reach, shining in the dark silence of a midnight sky, which brought the wise men from the East to the manger where the Saviour lay, and but a little song woke up the sleeping shepherds unnumbered first to earth that peace had come.

So yet our intercourse with God behind them ring o'er the hills of sin and sadness and through the courts of woe, and woe, waiting tens of thousands to the wonderful truth that Jesus and peace have come. Shall you and I help with the song?

Jesus had left Heaven's light for earth's darkness, Heaven's glory for earth's shame, Heaven's joy for earth's sorrow, and that was enough, they were to slout it in song from the skies, and so they did with all their might and strength. Such a simple thing, but

**Simplicity is God's Condition for Blessing.**

and it awoke the slumberers, and we can do it, too! Shall we? Mother, you can join! Sister, you will help! Brother, you are strong, raise your voice! Child-

ren, come along, and altogether, with God behind us we will shout it from the street-corners, shout it in the saloons, shout it on the high places of sin that Jesus has come! Jesus has come!

They were tears—only tears—dropped hot and fast on Jesus' feet, but they opened the flood-gates of Christ's great heart, letting loose the pardoning waters, which obliterated one of the darkest spots recorded in the Bible.

It was nothing more than five little loaves and two little fishes passed through the hands of Christ that fed the great multitude, leaving over twelve baskets full. The disciples showed great hesitancy in taking these small provisions to Jesus, alleging their utter uselessness to feed so vast a crowd. That is just how so many of us do when Christ bids us bring Him what we have. We feel our talents, our strength, our opportunities, they are so small, too small to be made of any service to God, or of any blessing to so great and dark a world. And so they are, much too small, just as the loaves and fishes were, apart from the multiplying power of Jesus. It was taking them to Him that did it.

And so the "little strength, the little ability, the little song, the little opportunity accepted and blessed by Jesus, we shall find again before the Throne among the "little things" cried used for all, feeding of multitudes and the healing of nations.

It may be only a look you gave, but it kept a heart from having only a word you spoke, and it saved a soul from hell; only a tear you dropped, but it brought a sinner to Jesus; only a word "Amen," and the souls of multitudes, and there, where tears are bottled, words registered, small deeds recorded, and prayers remembered, the weakest and the strongest, the least and the greatest, Officers and Soldiers, parents and children will find it is the "little things" that hold the power to either spot our lives or preserve them blameless before the Lamb.

So let us walk with God, remembering that it was such a very "little thing" but the eating of an apple, that wrecked a whole world, and such a very "little thing" but a tiny babe, who came to save it!

## Turn Back.

A Popular Song by The Field Commissioner.

*Tempo Moderato.*

Key A2, 2/4. [G2-A2] If x:1, 2:1 d:1-2 d:1-2 f:1-2 f:1-2

1. Thy sin have brought thee bitter grief, And wrong has been thy sin - bolder, but

as He told the dying thief, He'll free - ly all for - give.

CHORUS. *Allegro moderato.*

Turn back, turn back! Start just where thou art! Turn back, turn back! Bring your broken heart!

Many are the guilty sinners that doily soul enthrall, But Jesus will a loan-ain To take them all.

Thy conscience off by danger fraught, Stern battles with thy soul has fought, In seeking peace on Calvary bought, When He does all forgive.

Oh seek the waters of regret, Or sink, thy soul can never forget The long-rejected grace, and yet He'll freely all forgive.

It rushed a river none could stay, When death's trembled on that day; That blood can take all sin away, And freely all forgive.





Oh, yes! It was when I was my first tour in the Junior Soldier war, that I met a man—he looked rather like a working clothes-to come for tea. I agreed, but a few hours before tea-time, he failed to work. I asked him why he had not come, and he said, "my little boy is







# Margie, BOBBY'S DAUGHTER.

corner of a rather dirty  
uplifted street in a large  
is an ordinary-looking  
shop. There is nothing  
about the look of the  
number of small children  
ie door and gaze eagerly  
y do so?" you naturally  
you?

the proprietor of this in-  
slave to drink. His wife  
ays had been taken from  
left alone. "Alone," did  
alone, for before his wife  
in his charge the young  
Margie, not quite three  
years, they begged him,  
with, to take care of her.  
death, for a few weeks  
m drink, but, alas, after  
he only to rest, and  
forgotten, the old crying  
of him. He tried to  
for a few weeks did not  
make him neglectful or  
Margie was always very  
der," as she called him  
for he would sometimes  
and sing songs, or he  
play with her. She thus  
or "father," with all the  
day's heart.

Margie! The demon of  
to get the upper hand  
order," and one day he  
as bad as ever, remain-

## for Some Days,

to he did to work, Mar-  
ed and caught a heavy  
d on her lungs.  
one, and said she was in  
on. Those words Mar-  
ward, for after the doc-  
up one of her little feet  
der, as the little holes  
s, wat makes her cold  
sight of the soft pink  
ouch the holes in the  
ed him, and he pushed  
rom him. She tottered  
the floor. She did not  
think to smile at him,  
re playful heart. Father,  
g will hear you is to-  
der, good heart," and  
hand. This made him  
cush away, but only to  
sullen to try to obtain  
his greatest enemy,  
es the most loving fab-  
nd makes him a demon.  
next morning he stum-  
ple he called home.  
the hard, cold door,  
might be was awakened  
diline in his eyes. In-  
ed his eyes in the direc-  
The sight of Margie's  
I pretty face instantly  
id?

## or Crept Over Him.

head to foot, he sprang



ke to her. She opened  
ting out a little cold  
order, my little scous  
s and lets in the cold.  
n, didn't we, father?"  
angelic at him. Then  
or, which he mistook  
t down in kissed her  
sith and again. Care-  
growing what to do,  
a dead. But no, she  
! "Ze, ze little holes,  
said, pointing to her  
hen she opened her  
t his cheek. "I love  
," she said. A sweet  
mouth, and all was  
r cold body to his

bbled, Prayed and  
vod.

more.  
work-out alone in his  
vn the street. Oaths  
low laughter comes  
doors. Thirk, sweet  
curs, and he steps  
street a Salvation  
ng hold. For a mo-  
l to enter the room  
it the they since in  
Across the street

he hurried, and enters the meeting. Jesus,  
the Saviour from sin, is being uplifted.  
Soldiers pray for and plead with him.  
At last his heart is melted, and he knelt  
at the feet of the sinner's Saviour. That  
was over five years ago. God has blessed  
and prospered him, and now, during a  
certain portion of his working days he  
mends the shoes of the little urchins free  
of charge. That is why they stand so  
eagerly around his little store, and wait  
for their turn to have their shoes  
mended.  
W. A. STEPPER.

## BACKSLIDER, COME HOME!

### A Christmas Appeal.

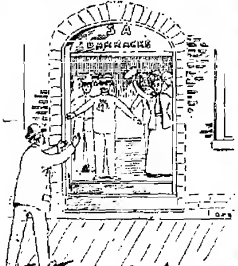
W H Y should I come home? I was  
saved, but I fell. Trifling though  
the cause may have been, yet  
my fall has made my friends and  
Comrades lose confidence in me,  
and even made me lose confidence in my-  
self. It's no use trying, I might as well  
stay where I am.

Wait a moment, my friend. Let me lend  
your thoughts a little while till we see  
where you are, and if you had better  
stay there. First of all, you have a soul  
ever drawing nearer on the wings of time  
to the storm of God's anger and the day  
of judgment. Believing this, dare you  
trust yourself anywhere except beneath  
the shelter of Father's roof and Father's  
care?

Think one moment of this, then let your  
memory carry you back to the time when  
you were at home—the happy hours, the  
songs of praise, the joy of cross-bearing,  
with never a pang of pain except when  
some well-loved Comrade stepped aside  
and left a vacant place.

### Sweet Memories came Throbbing

In the hours of communion with the best  
loved One of all, until it almost seems  
as if you still were there, but the fond  
fancy quickly passes and the dull, heavy  
heartache comes back again, all the heav-  
er and harder to bear after the bright  
glimpse of bygone days. Stop and think  
again, of the past, of the present, and  
of what the future may be by the grace  
of God, and COME HOME.



### The Prodigal's Welcome.

And then those old-time Comrades—  
how they loved you, how they must  
have grieved, if they had Christian  
hearts, as they saw you leaving home  
without knowing where you were going,  
with never a good-bye, and regardless of  
their pleadings for your return. Do you  
think they never cared? Do you believe  
they never prayed for you? Your very  
unhappiness in your wanderings bears  
witness to the fact that they and the  
Father Himself are still interested in  
your return. Then why not COME  
HOME?

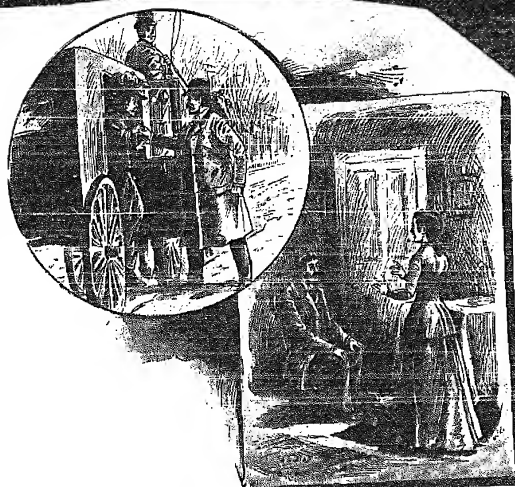
You know your Comrades loved and  
still love you. You know they grieved  
and still grieve while you remain away.  
But there is

### One Who Loves You

more than they and whose tender heart  
is grieved beyond expression over your  
unhappiness. True, He suffered on the  
Cross the pains of death, but would not  
that loving heart of His have suffered  
more real pain had He remained in  
Heaven, while you and I went down to  
eternal despair without home or mercy,  
and is He not suffering this pain of heart,  
while you, for whom He died, have  
broken away from the tender ties by  
which He sought to bind you?

Stop and think again, and for your  
soul's sake and for Jesus' sake, COME  
HOME!  
A. B. JESS.  
Kentville, N. S.

Trust, firm trust, straightforward,  
childlike trust is the everlasting condition  
of all co-operation with God. He will not  
use. He will not bless. He will not inhab-  
it the heart that, at the moment when it  
offers Him a request, says, "I doubt  
Thee."  
"Unbelief and neglect of prayer gen-  
erally go together as provolives of spiri-  
tual power."



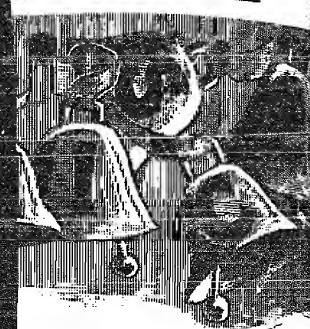
I AM so thankful that Jesus was born  
in a manger, not in a palace) to  
order that He might reach and  
save the lowest. For our sakes  
He became poor, that we, through His  
poverty, might be made rich. The world-  
ling still says to-day "Away with Him!  
No room for Jesus! Give me pleasure  
etc. It shall be a happy Christmas to you  
if you will open your heart and let Him  
in.—Josh Jones, English, Gritha.

Better shine and perish, than rust.

"When I am tempted to talk about my  
cross, I take it to Calvary, and then it  
is so small I cannot see it."

"When I have learned to think Thy ra-  
diant thoughts,  
To love the truth beyond the power to  
know it,  
To bear my light as Thou Thy heavy  
cross,  
Nor ever feel a martyr for Thy sake. . .  
When I have lost myself in other men,  
And found myself in Thee—the Father  
then  
Will come with Thee, and will abide with  
me."





He was very big—very strong and very cruel—cold and hard, and my suggestion to call early upon him at the smithy was met with a shower of disparaging remarks by those who were interested in me. "It would not be the thing, besides, he would not listen to anybody who had anything good to say."

"Then, unless I went very early—day-break—others would be there, in which case I should have no chance." The force of the latter point I readily and fully saw—the reply to the former ones was given in my own mind, being made up to go and see what I could do.

The morning had just got the violet out of bed, as I closed the wicked gate of my temporary home—and they nodded and smiled at me kindly as I past them on my way to the blacksmith's shop.

"Half an hour too soon," I thought, as my eyes fell upon the large locked doors of the wooden shed—and sitting down upon a door-step, a little distance off, commenced to draw up a programme of the best way to proceed.

"I shall be in time to help him light the fire—that will be a good start—because, if he has been drunk like the best part of the night, his head is sure to be badly aching. Then, to begin straight away about his soul would only mean I should be turned out and my opportunity lost." Too, I remembered how Jesus began with the hopeless Zacchaeus by inviting himself to dinner, and so for me to start by assisting Jack with his first duties will do well. "Secondly, I shall ask him to explain to me"—and a tall, strong figure putting in an appearance at the bottom of the road, brought my mental preparation to an abrupt end.

I waited until he got well in, and then following, said: "Good morning, Jack. I am out very early to-day—would you let me watch you in your work a little while?" and without stopping to tell you how I was soon being most interestingly entertained by a series of lectures on the problems of horse-shoeing given in Jack's own style. The utter absence of the least resemblance to monkey in those, made my intermittent attempts to try my own hand at the business quite

long time now, Jack, and you have been a very wicked one, too. I have had a lot of sorrow in the last of miserable days, and as I was thinking what a shame it was that you could be so good and one who you could be should be the way to the grave and a wretched as you are living. Jack only gave me a quick look, nothing, and so I went on. I should not be surprised if you often wished you were as wicked as I. Then did you not have a letter from me, Jack, and was you first turned so wicked? I never her best and she died? I ever think about her now and can't see her again, Jack? And her home is in the skies? I head in his hands and looked of woe. For a little time I was free, but at last he spoke of all his story. It was a long and despairing, and cruel one. He had dragged him down into the places—but he went, and wept of sorrow for sin, and as I his cries of that bleeding heart. I for he told me of every promise every hope foregone—every joy gone. Then Jesus came—and really as He did into this long ago to meet with the woe that "None need perish" and Jack just between the future horses.

"And to run a long story there his transgressions, which it was there, the light broke there the Angel enrolled him in there his bitter tears were and it was there his big heart mine while he sang "Rock of for me, I will hide myself but although I have not seen Jack, I can fancy how he looked as wards desecrated him to me. I the unbelief in a Blood and—a faithful follower of the Lord. Jack may be spending his time in the City where blackest sinners never wanted. I don't know shall go and call on him as I get to Heaven.

I have found a stable, and the carpenter's shed next to get big sinners converted and visits them now as when He was upon earth, more, mixing with publicans, and did not set as though an Avenger was the only place who set their sins forgiven.



Do You not member



The above represents so of its character that it is so small I think it is to say that every opportunity find or make of visiting dark corridors of sorrow and always seized and have been short of miracles wrought face.

In these cells I have wrapped around motherless girls—have heart-rending stories—I have have-lorn men, I have

...which meant their situations, and poverty My arguments did not fall weight, for more than once I noticed quick tears spring to the eyes of and there was a kind of unusual kindness in his voice when he persuaded me to take a few more strawberries. Although he did not give me any promise of using his influence in the direction of pushing our petition through



...full, but space will not permit, so to "run a long story short." I can but tell you that we received a telegram announcing that our petition was successful, and that the obnoxious clause in the Act of Parliament was expunged.

And so it came to pass that the Parliament of the greatest Empire in the world, which had previously passed the Act, did at the request of the Salvation Army, revoke a former decision on seeing it was contrary to British liberty.

# "No Hope for Jack."

THERE was very little hope for Jack—in fact, the majority of people said there was none—he had many times been in the barracks—heard them singing and had been prayed over—that was when his behaviour made it possible. Generally his coming in but resulted in his going out under police jurisdiction, for Jack was scarcely ever sober.

He was the worst man in the village, and his dark deeds were not only confined to this more quiet spot, but spread to the neighbouring town, where his character was both well-known and feared.

Jack was so bad, that he could never be any better—deemed to have become a fact which was felt and said by all, and no one was so well satisfied with the truth of this conclusion of his case as Jack himself.

brought me to the desired destination. The Officer with whom I parted at the entrance, with something of pity in his tones, had remarked, "Your face is very white! I am sure the Lord will be with you."

I was not at all discouraged at my evident timidity, for early had my painted mother taught me that courage was only in demand where natural sensitiveness made one shrink, and where feeling and circumstances favored, there was no need for the brave.

I did not feel any better when I got inside. It was such a very big place, and the policemen standing at their different posts appeared so stiff and straight that one would think the pillars could be moved with less damage than they, and those struggling to perform their duty, who asked my business as I passed, were so impressed with my bonnet that their stock sentences lost formality in coming out all upside down.

But the Jordan crossed, then the Canaan. If anything can make one feel at home it is strawberries and cream, with a hot discussion over the table. The former was a pleasant surprise, the latter not to be wondered at, for was not I in the one spot of the world where hot discussions, with plenty of common sense are supposed to abound? I plied the lu-

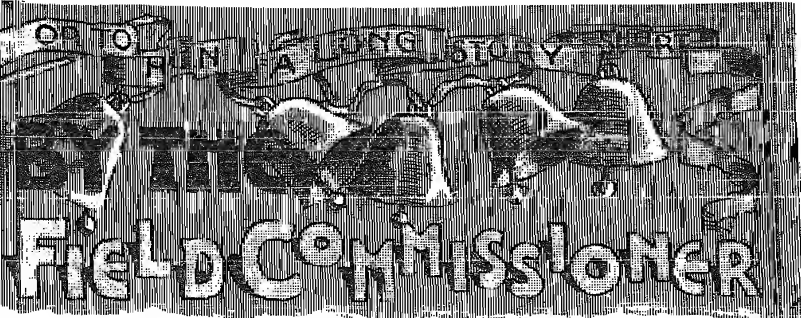
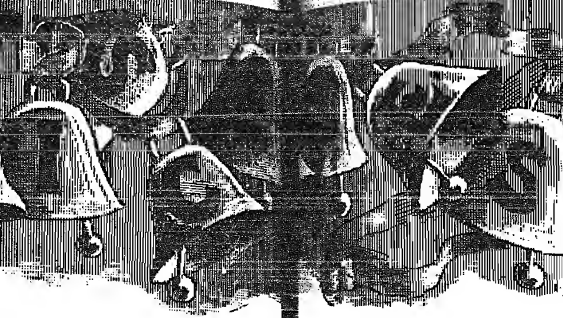
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Then, unless I went very early—day-break—there would be there, in which case I should have no chance. At the latter point I readily and fully gave the reply to the former ones was given in my own mind, being made up to go and see what I could do.

The morning had just got to the violet tint of bed, as I closed the violet gate of my temporary home—and they nodded and smiled at me kindly as I went them on my way to the blacksmith's shop. "Half an hour too soon," I thought, as my eyes fell upon the large locked door of the wooden shed—and sitting down upon a door-step a little distance off, commenced to draw up a programme of the best way to proceed.

"I shall be in time to help him light the fire—that will be a good start—because, if he has been drunk the best part of the night, his head is sure to be badly aching. Then, to begin straight away about his soul would only mean I should be turned out and my opportunity lost." Too, I remembered how Jesus began with the hopeless Zacheus by inviting Himself to dinner, and so for me to start by assisting Jack with his first duties will do well. "Secondly, I shall ask him to explain to me—and a talk, a strong figure putting in an appearance at the bottom of the road, brought my mental preparation to an abrupt ending. I waited until he got well in, and then following, said: "Good morning, Jack, am out very early to-day—would you let me watch you in your work a little while?" and without stopping to tell me how, I was soon being most interestedly entertained by a series of lectures on the problems of horse-shoeing given Jack's own style. The utter absence of the least resemblance to memory these, made my intermittent attention try my own hand at the business quite

long time now, Jack, and you life has been a very wicked one, too. I expect you have had a lot of sorrow in it, anyway a lot of miserable days, and as I was looking at your grey hairs just now, Jack, I was thinking what a shame it was that you should be so good and happy as I am sure you could be should travel all the way to the grave and die as dark and wretched as you are living." To this Jack only gave me a quick look, and said nothing, and so I went on.

"I should not be surprised if you had not often wished you were different. Then did you not have a little girl that you loved, Jack, and was it not then your first turned so wicked, because you loved her best and she died? Don't you ever think about her now and feel you must see her again, Jack? And you know her home is in the skies?" Jack put his hand in his hands and looked the picture of woe. For a little time there was silence, but at last he spoke and told me all his story. It was a long story—dark and despairing, and cruel and full of guilt and dragged him down into deep, low places—but he went, and went, and went, and as I listened to the cries of that bleeding heart, I wept too, for he told me of every promise broken—every hope forsaken—every joy faded and gone. Then Jesus came—came as truly and really as He did into that manger of long ago to meet with the worst of men that "None need perish," and met with Jack just between the furnace and the hopes.

"And to run a long story short," it was there his impressions were covered—it was there the light broke in—it was there the Angel enrolled his name—it was there his bitter tears were lost in joy, and it was there his big hands clasped mine while we sang "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, I will hide myself in Thee," and although I have not seen Jack since, I can fancy how he looked as they afterwards described him to me—helping serve the procession in a Blood and Fire society—a faithful follower of the Lamb.

Jack may be spending this Christmas in the City where blacksmiths' shops are never wanted. I don't know, anyway I shall go and call on him again as soon as I get to Heaven.

I have found a stable, an old barn, or the carpenter's shed best suited in which to get big sinners converted. Jesus favors and visits them now as in the days when He was upon earth. Let us do more, mixing with publicans and sinners and not as though an Army penitent-form was the only place where such can get their sins forgiven.

anguish of despairing souls and upon these story doors have dropped many tears as I have written down the message to take back to the wife or to the children. Oh, blessed and beautiful Salvation Army that has carried the message of Salvation and hope to so many haunts of vice and places of tears!

In all parts of the world are flowers springing from seed sown in secret spots. On leaving a thorough building to catch a midnight train from one of the largest of Canadian cities, a gentleman with a gentleman's courtesy and in a gentleman's attire, touched my elbow and asked to speak with me as I pressed through the crowded lobby.

"I really cannot stay," I said; "you must excuse me—I shall miss my train."

"One moment, Mrs. Booth," pleaded the stranger—"I must speak with you," and drawing me into a shady corner, said, while his eyes filled with tears—"Do you not remember praying with me in a prison cell in Holloway Jail, in the Old Country? I have that prayer to thank for what I am to-day."

long—for a short six weeks after our first meeting Joe went to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb—died slugging "the shape of the flapping of the Angels' wings," and told me he would watch for me just inside the gate "Where all tears are wiped away, where there shall be no more hunger and no more death."

## Straight into Bread 'n Milk.

I JUST picked them up and walked off with the two without asking any one; well, there was no one to ask.

IT SEEMED as if July was throwing the heat of her whole month into the rays of that one day's sun, and I think it must have been upon this occasion that I first realized the shape of an Army helmet was an inspiration—for, tipped up at the back, it comes over the front and gives you a parasol without the trouble of holding one!

The particularly earnest attention that was given by all around that open-air ring, made my heart exceptionally buoyant in faith and determination for victory over the host of hell. The devil saw and knew it, as the devil always does know of desperate intentions on the side of Jesus, and the first prayer was not concluded before a gruff voice asked behind me:



Their father was never known to be sober, and lived either on the streets or in jail, and their mother was engaged in a brutal fight with another of her kind, over a piece of clothes' line she contended was her property.

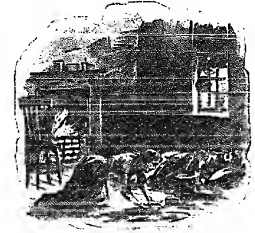
The two miles I found without any food—without any fire, and in reality without any clothes, for you could not call the ragged shirts they wore, garments—and the elder stretching his little sticks of arms towards me, while the baby gnawed away at its tiny, icy fingers, stamped upon the tables of my heart a picture never to be effaced.

Sobody stopped me as I passed down the street with the smallest on my breast, sucking my coat collar as though it held the necessary properties to satisfy hunger, and the other almost too weak to walk, dragging on to my hand, with evident signs of joy at its release—in spite of the repeatedly expressed fear in "Charver will beat me!"

I say nobody stopped me, although I mistook every throb of my heart for the heavy step of a drunken woman running behind, but the winter blint was determined to help, and assisted in blowing us all three straight to the quarters.

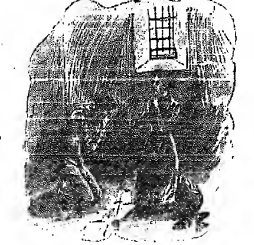
## Brown-Capped Reaport!

THOUGHT the floor would never come clean! Yet I could not stamp out the conviction that to do away with a little of the dirt which had accumulated, through five years of utter neglect, would greatly assist in brightening the gloom of dying Joe's last hours.



"To run a long story short," I was soon released, but the rougher element of my sympathizers, knowing too well I had been arrested on false accusation, vented their fury upon the man who had so overstepped his duty, and the news reached me, that he lay helpless and suffering at home, as well that he had been dismissed from the force. With all haste I made enquiries for him at the police station—hunted him up—visited his home—brought the salvation of God to change his heart—found him a new situation, and on reading his letter many months after, signed "Your Saved Policeman," felt truly grateful for the early proof God gave me that "All things work together for good to them that love God."

## Do You not Remember?



HE above represents so many scenes of its character that in my space is so small I think it best for me to say that every opportunity I could possibly find or make of visiting these long, dark corridors of sorrow and sin I have always seized and have seen truly nothing short of miracles wrought on prison flags.

In those cells I have wrapped my arms around motherless girls—lives filled with heart-rending stories—I have prayed with hope-forsaken men, I have witnessed the

Hence, despite the heavy threats brought down upon my defenceless head from the occupant of the floor beneath, who declared that her lady was in danger of being drowned in the drops creeping through the aged boards—despite the repeated alarms of old Joe in the direction that I was catching my death, and the insufficiency of my scrubbing materials—cold water instead of hot, a brush, the bristles of which were conspicuous by their absence, and my pocket handkerchief for a floor-cloth, I pursued my course until I looked with great satisfaction upon the work of my hands.

Rewarding persistent energy, the floor DID come clean—the fire ill under atrocious difficulties was a great success, the sinners minus a cover volunteering the duties of a kettle rendered admirable service—the leanest borrowed from next door without a spout with a brown paper lid, turned out, in Joe's opinion, with famous goods, and the box table with his War Cry cloth offering noble support to a cracked mug, handless cup and our indispensable brown capped friend above mentioned, with Joe leaning over it and sitting by it, appeared as proud and pleased with the afternoon's proceedings as I was myself.



"But to run a long story short," from this occasion I became Joe's medical adviser, minister, nurse, friend and comforter, and God made Joe the teacher of many valuable lessons to me, for the memory of his patience in acute suffering, when they brought but a crust, will ever stand star-like in the sky of my past. But our acquaintance was not for

[Continued on page 12.]



## THE ARMY IN INDIA.

**A Hindu Student on Missions—"The Staff of which Missionaries are Made"—Touching Experience of Two Army Officers.**



THE Hindu student, Narasimha-Chariy, of Madras, speaking before the assembled representatives of the Religions of the World at the Chicago Exposition, said: "They (the missionaries) complain that they cannot get a hearing; but suppose a hundred of you zealous young Christians, clad in saffron robes of a humble mendicant, preach from house to house, singing the praise of Him who died for love, do you think the people would refuse to hear them? About two hundred years ago a poor Jesuit, Father Baschi, went about doing these very things, to-day the much misunderstood Salvationists are doing the same. THEY ARE THE STAFF OF WHICH MISSIONARIES OUGHT TO BE MADE."

No doubt our readers will be interested in reading the two following stories which are told by one who was in the Indian warfare, and show exactly how it came to pass that the Army received such a glowing testimony from such an authoritative source at the world's great Parliament of Religions.

### "THEY ALL WEAR PANTS, And Not One of Them are Heathen!"— An Incident of the War in India.

The difficulties of Eastern warfare are like the joys, numerous; their number is legion, but the greatest to a European is the natural inclination to be European. His or her previous life and habits and force of habit continually assert itself and hinders the complete adoption of Eastern ideas, ways, thoughts and feelings, so essential to success.

Assimilation to some natives is easy and almost natural, but to a stolid Britisher, innately conservative, the slow, time-worn habits and stupid methods of the East are extremely trying.

Confronted with that, again, is the tendency of the natives to imitate.

#### From Pariah to the Prince

We imitate; and to millions of heathens at this moment, a Christian is a white man who dresses in good clothes, "topce" pants and boots, does as little as he can for himself and to great disadvantage for his neighbor, particularly if he happens to be a coolie. Hence, to become a Christian, means discarding their beautiful national costume, throwing their

#### Spindle Legs into Wide Baggy Pants.

Spindle legs take the place of their sundries, and a large "topce" completes his conversion. And just here we have one of the most serious arguments in favor of our adoption of the native dress in India. It is a stumbling and walking protest against the living tide of Europeanism in the East.

However, these are but tricks leading to a little side street and a hot, stuffy little Salvation Army quarters in Colombo.

If on earth there be an Eden of bliss, that place is this, is this, is this!

If there be a place where much you miss, that place is this, is this, is this!

And the little Captain did miss much, and that "much" was poured at her pentest form. "We must have souls," she groined in her own agony. "We must have souls." "Is anything too hard for me? Is the Lord God?" Then, O Lord, give us souls, five souls—minors," so prayed the Captain in her quarters one Sunday afternoon.

Europeans, Eurasians, (half-castes) and natives attended her meetings, but the

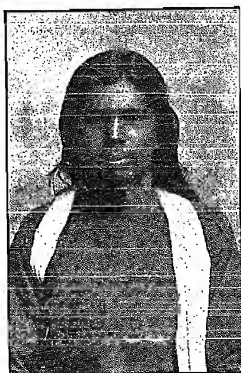
Crowds of Natives, Dark and Ignorant, preyed on her mind, haunted her by day and night, and were the burden of every prayer.

The Sunday night meeting was, I suppose, like the majority of Salvation Army meetings, prayers, songs, and testimonies, songs and collections more or less, except, perhaps, that it was characterized by some of the Christian's characteristic short, sharp and decisive remarks. Then the prayer meeting came, when the Captain prayed, nothing else. The Lieutenant started the choruses, directed the singing and

Kept Her Eye on the Hoodlums.

One soul—Everybody's faith rose and fell quite a bit before the next one was landed. A long interval, but the Captain prayed on. "Three," whispered the Lieutenant, and everybody was believing. "Four," but to the Captain her five was an accomplished fact—registered in Heaven on the convert's roll, and almost Heaven shone with joy and delight as she opened her eyes, but no glad hallelujah escaped from her lips. Disappointment, dismay, and surprise swept across her face, and burying it in her hands, she sobbed out: "Oh, Oh, Lord, they're all punts, and, and not one of them are heathen or natives!"

One of the five has worn the "Onion" (national dress) for years and is one of the most successful Field Officers in Ceylon.



CAPTAIN GANANA RATHNAM.

of Ceylon, a converted heathen. When Captain Stelliker, our War Cry shipper, was in India he had this as a Lieutenant and interpreter.

### THEY STARVED TWO DAYS. A Most Touching Experience of an Anglo-Indian Captain and a Na- tive Lieutenant—A Whole Village Converted.

I think it was the General who said that if one bait won't catch snipers, then try another; if that don't succeed try another, and when every bait fails, go down and hook them on.

God and the angels in heaven alone know how many plans and schemes have been and are being tried to win the heathen, schools, books, colleges, preaching, education, and everything that live, inspired brains can think or dream of, think God, are all at work, and as darkness flies before the dawn, so heathenism is slowly, slowly flying before the beautiful enlightening gospel of Jesus Christ.

All sorts of schemes and plans have been tried to gain an entrance

#### Into the Jungle Village

with a most unpronounceable name. "It was just the hardest place that ever I struck," said the late Anglo-Scott-Sinhalese Captain, as he stretched himself on the seat, where we were enjoying the cool night breeze.

Overhead, through the clear darkness of the tropical night the stars twinkled clear and bright. The chameleon-scented

air stirred the tall, feathery-headed palms, till they rustled in gentle motion with the noisier wash of the surf as it broke on the sandy beach, throwing up a

#### Long Phosphorescent White Line

forming a titling fringe to the dark, deep water beyond. Out on the Indian Ocean the massing steamers' lights reminded us of the other busy, bustling world.

But the reflective tone in the Captain's voice betokened a story.

"Indeed! It's a nice village now," I said, persuasively. "Go on, let me hear the yarn."

"Well, you see it was like this. They were all Buddhists, but in reality they were devil worshippers—like millions more who profess Buddhism—I sometimes wish that the reading people who get their ideas of Buddhism and other heathenisms, from poems, like the "Light of Asia," could get a glimpse at Buddhism in its naked, beastly ugliness. They had a most

#### Malignant Hatred to Christianity.

"They wouldn't come near us, nor listen when we tried to hold a meeting in their villages. Its people were held very much on my heart."

"As our Corps was the nearest, and it could be easily worked up an outpost, Lieutenant and I went across to stay and till the Lord broke the place up. We managed to get

#### A Hut Outside the Village.

where we took up our shade. Early next morning we sallied out to "Pindupah," (they) and came back just as hungry as when we started. At night we faced the same way. Oh, they were hard! The very dogs growled at us. To turn a white man away from their door was practical evidence of their hardness."

"Next morning we set off again, but we

so we went home, tired and hungry, to rest and pray. I felt that the world move then if I only held on. Night came round, and we started off again with our begging vessels. Feeling very faint, I knocked at the first door, but was ordered away, the woman yelling and shouting after us. However, we held right on and tried every house in the village and finished with

#### Empty Bowls and Emptier Stomachs.

"Poor Lieutenant! he was holding very bad. I felt very weak myself, and my faith was beginning to waver as we sat down under a tree to rest.

"We were very quiet for a long time, having no inclination to talk, until Lieutenant looked up with a painful look and said, 'Nobody save today, nobody save yesterday! What can we do?'

"No, nobody save and nothing to eat is very bad!"

"Yes, Captain, very bad."

#### Village Peoples no Want Jesus.

What can do? Many more other peoples want Jesus?"

"Yes! other villagers may want Jesus, but do you still love Jesus, even if He don't give souls, and don't give rice?"

"Yes! Very much I love Jesus!"

"Do you love Jesus enough to do anything for Him?"

"Yes, anything I do for Jesus."

#### "Will You Die for Jesus?"

"Yes, I like die for Jesus now."

"Do you love Jesus enough to starve for Him?"

"Poor boy, it was his 'wilderness,' and his only answer was to bury his face in his hands, and sob as if his heart would break. This was what

#### He Had Left His Idols

and a comfortable home for, to follow Christ, who was to give us much joy and

comfort; but he was only learning what yet to learn. That the Kingdom of Heaven is not meat or drink, and yet his not his wish to die rather than to fight experience with some of us, when drive would have been an easy solution of our difficulties—

#### Hungry, Thirsty, Lonely, and Despairing

"I had only two cents in the whole world, so we bought a Karand (dried fish) about four inches long, and as hard as a flat, but we gnawed away and it stayed the longest of hunger till we fell asleep to dream of the time when

#### God Shall Wipe away all Tears.

and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

"On the morning of the third day, we took our vessels again and started at the first house, but met with a curt 'pale' (go). The second and third house house the perspiration was pouring from every pore, and I bowed heavily against the door. The woman

#### Ordered Us off Roughly.

but hesitated as we moved off."

"Ah, my! Ah, my! Come back! Come back! she cried, and darting into the house, brought out sufficient rice for one, which we divided up and ate, sitting at her door and telling her of our mission, and of Christ who suffered even unto death for her."

#### Starved for Two Days.

It completely broke the people up, and that night we had abundance of rice and nearly the whole village came over to God, and they stand to day.

## 'TWEEN TWO : YULE TIDES.

By MRS. MAJOR READ.

"Twas the Christmas before I was married," said the Major's wife, reading her hand earnestly upon the Captain's arm and gazed earnestly into her brown eyes.

"That house was always interested in the Major's 'stories,' even though many were very sad ones. Some at least had kind rings."

"I was a commandant of a home for poor women then," she continued. "Poor Nellie was with us then. I shall never forget her, no girl more willing, no hand more skilful in preparing savory dishes out of the food donated by friends, no iron sweeter than her. Her voice rang out glad and clear with Salvation songs. Her life had been a dark and sinful one, but she said God had forgiven it. What could one expect from her? Brought up in an English inn, amid drinking, card-playing, and gambling. Four Xmases had been spent behind prison walls, and that Xmas was such a contrast!"

"Instead of iron bars and prison walls, love, sympathy and spiritual enlightenment."

"A happy, care-free day, and bright morning in the evening."

"All had been made it a Merry Christmas and remembrance of the home association."

"Nellie's voice was the loudest and bluest the gayest of all that Yuletide party. And now—" The Major's eyes shadowed at the question, her voice a lower tone.

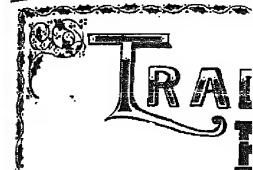
"None! None! She wandered far after that, and one day the papers were full of a tragedy. She was found by the side of a country road in the last throes of death by poison—the deadly draught administered by her own hand or that of her guilty companion in debauchery."

"He, too, was supplied with stout drink. Lost! Lost!"

"And you do not get any pleasure when you turn out so disappointing?"

"Oh, no! no! A thousand times no! I was not all hopeless. Sixty-five per cent. of every hundred repay us by their changed lives for any sacrifice involved in seeking and saving them. With all the Angels this blessed Christmas Eve the Star of Bethlehem gave HIS light to illuminate the darkened souls of men, we feel it worth while to try and reflect his shining."

GLADSTONE, being asked what he regarded as the brightest hope for the future, replied: "I should say the maintenance of the Yuletide. This is the great hope of the future; the maintenance of civilization. And by that I mean living faith in a personal God. I do not believe with 'a stream of tendency.' After sixty years of public life I hold more strongly than ever this conviction: amid and strengthened by long experience of the reality and the nearness and personality of God."



OOD morning, Staff-Captain (born. Still a few moments. Just a little talk on Trade matters generally."

"Is not a very difficult matter to get people to talk upon? That theme which is nearest their hearts, and the advancement of which has become their one purpose for the time being, is not for the whole of their lives."

"Certainly, certainly," replied the genial Staff-Captain.

"I presume you are in charge of this branch of Salvation Army warfare?"

"Yes, entirely responsible to the Commandant in command of the Territory for the whole trading operations of the Salvation Army in this country."

"Yes, by the way, Staff-Captain, I should like to have your opinion on the subject of Salvation Army trading generally. Of course, you know that there are ever so many people who find considerable difficulty in reconciling trade—that is, buying and selling, etc.—with the saving of souls, the saving of sinners, the sanctifying of believers. What need is there of such a thing as such a 'contradiction' in an organization such as the Salvation Army?"

#### "Your Question is a Very Broad One.

and needs very careful answering. In the first place, my great difficulty with such people is to account for their widely marked, and much-talked-of distinction in these matters between the spiritual and the non-spiritual. If by spiritual we mean praying and preaching, or singing only, then the thought will force itself upon us, and find expression, why, such eminently spiritual people should ever indulge in such earthly and temporal matters as eating and drinking, etc."

"Is that not rather an extreme method of putting the case. Are we eating and drinking matters of necessity? And does not the Scripture declare the possibility of the command to eat and drink to the glory of God?"

"Quite so, and that is just my point. But the question of necessity is a very broad one and capable of many applications. As with eating and drinking, which is the very nature of things, implies buying and selling, so with trading of a broader principle."

#### People Must be Clothed.

and unless there be a decided preference otherwise must be shod."

"Yes, I quite see your meaning, but this scarcely touches the question at issue. We are an organization like the Salvation Army, (whose object is so manifestly the salvation of souls and the extension of the Kingdom of God in the hearts and lives of earth's people) should enter into the already-filled arena of commerce, and take its stand with those whose sole aim is to supply the temporal needs of the people."

"You remember I said at the commencement of our conversation your question was a broad one, and needed careful answering. Well, to continue you agree with me that to eat, to drink, to be clothed, etc., is a matter of necessity."

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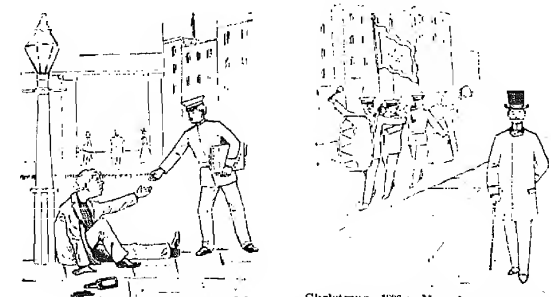
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## FORGOTTEN FRIENDS.



Ten Christmas ago: A drunkard plucked up by the Army.

Christmas, 1886: Now he is a gentleman (B) but too respectable to recognize his old friends, but we wish him a Happy Christmas and a revival of the old love.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RAWLING, Assistant Trade Secretary, Trinidad.

comfort; but he was only learning what millions have learned and millions have yet to learn, "That the Kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink, and yet has its life in the rather than in the right through his willingness to be a common experience with some of us when dying would have been an easy solution of our difficulties."

### Hungry, Thirsty, Lonely, and Dejected

"I had only two cents in the whole world, so we bought a Kinnaird Island fish about four inches long, and as hard as a flint, but we gnawed away and it played the pines of hunger till we felt asleep, in dream of the time when

### God Shall Wipe away all Tears,

and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

"On the morning of the third day, we took our vessels again and started at five o'clock, but met with a curd 'cat' rain. The second and third house were just the same, and at the fourth house the perspiration was pouring from every pore, and I leaned heavily against the door. The woman

### Ordered Us off Roughly,

but hesitated as we moved off."

"Come back! Come back! Come back!" she cried, and starting into the house, brought out another rice for one, which we divided up, and ate, sitting on her floor and holding her of our heads, and of course she suffered even into death for her."

### Starved for Two Days,

It completely broke the woman's up, and that night we had abundance of rice, and finally the whole village came over to riot, and they stand today.

## TWEEN TWO : YULE TIDES.

By MRS. MAJOR READ.

"Twas the Christmas before I was married," said the Major's wife, reading her hand earnestly from the Captain's arm and gazed earnestly into her own eyes.

"That lassie was always interested in the Major's 'sorceries,' even though many were very odd ones. Some, at least had good results."

"I was in command of a home for poor women then," she continued. "Poor little was the wife then. I shall never forget her, no girl more willing, no hand more skillful in preparing every dish out of the food donated by friends, no iron sweeter than hers. Her voice rang out clear and clear with Salvation songs. Her life had been a black and sinful one, but she said God had forgiven it. What could one expect from her? Her heart up to an English inn, until drinking, card-playing and gambling. Poor Xmas had been spent behind prison walls, and that Xmas was a contrast!"

"Instead of iron bars and prison walls, love, sympathy and spiritual enlightenment."

"A happy, care-free day, and bright evening in the evening."

"All had been done to make it a Merry Christmas and remnant of the home atmosphere."

"Nellie's voice was the loudest and loudest the gayest of all that Yuletide party. And now!" The Major's eyes shadowed at the question, her voice a lower tone.

"Gone! Gone! She wandered far from that, and one day the papers were full of a tragedy. She was found in the arms of a country road in the last throes of death by poison—the deadly draught, administered by her own hand or that of her guilty companion in debauchery."

"He, then, was smitten with great drink. Last! Last!"

"And you do not get discouraged after all your love and patience when they turn out so disappointing?"

"Oh, no! No! A thousand times No! They are not all hopeless. Sixty are left in every hundred repaid by repentance of every hundred repaid by repentance changed lives for any sacrifice I could make in seeking and saving them. We'll tell the Angels this best Christmas if the Star of Bethlehem gave light to the illumined the darkened souls of God, we feel it worth while to try and reflect its shining."

GLADSTONE, being asked what he thought of the brightest hope for the future, replied: "I should say the main hope of faith in the Messiah. This is the great hope of the future; the main hope of civilization, and by that I mean a belief in a personal God. I do not hold with a 'stream of tendency,' after sixty years of public life I had more strongly than ever this conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience of the reality and the nearness and personality of God."

# TRADING FOR GOD



### GOOD morning, Staff-Captain Horn.

"I assume you are in charge of this branch of Salvation Army warfare?"

"Yes, entirely responsible to the Commissioner in command of the Territory for the whole trading operations of the Salvation Army in this country."

"Yes, by the way, Staff-Captain, I should like to have your opinion on the subject of Salvation Army trading generally, of course, you know that there are ever so many people who find considerable difficulty in purchasing, trading, etc., in buying and selling, etc., with the (as they term it) purely spiritual work, etc., the salvation of sinners and the sanctifying of believers. What need is there, they ask, for such extensive trading in an organization such as the Salvation Army?"

### "Your Question is a Very Broad One,

and needs very careful answering. In the first place, my great difficulty with such people is to account for their widely marked, and much-talked-of distinction in these matters between the spiritual and the non-spiritual. If by spiritual work they mean praying and preaching, or singing only, then the thought will force itself upon me, that such extensive trading in an organization such as the Salvation Army?"

### People Must be Clothed,

and fastest there be a decided preference otherwise must be shed."

"Yes, I quite see your meaning, but this seems to touch the question of expediency, viz: Why an organization like the Salvation Army, whose object is so manifestly the salvation of souls and the extension of the Kingdom of God in the hearts and lives of earth's people should enter into the already-filled arena of commerce, and take its stand with those who are to supply the temporal needs of the people?"

"You remember I said at the commencement of our conversation your question was a broad one, and needed careful answering. Well, to continue, you agree with me that to eat and drink, be clothed, etc., is a matter of necessity?"

"Of course, yes."

"And you do not get discouraged after all your love and patience when they turn out so disappointing?"

"Oh, no! No! A thousand times No! They are not all hopeless. Sixty are left in every hundred repaid by repentance of every hundred repaid by repentance changed lives for any sacrifice I could make in seeking and saving them. We'll tell the Angels this best Christmas if the Star of Bethlehem gave light to the illumined the darkened souls of God, we feel it worth while to try and reflect its shining."

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really; the question now is the need-ful of that necessity. The business world endeavors to do this with extremely two objects in view,—1, that of

### Supplying the Needs of the People

and 2, that of securing personal profit in the increase of business and the amassing of wealth, etc., or in other words, how to meet the needs of the people with the greatest profit to itself. Thus the spirit that governs this, is, to a very great extent, if not altogether, a selfish one. The selfishness, which is so direct-ly opposed to all that we know of God or of goodness, and which so often completely excludes God from the world of business, is one of the greatest and most God-dishonoring evils the world is guilty of in this present day. Yes, it declares, 'we must have God in the church at the appointed time on the Sabbath, but a God is really present, and as truly worshipped and honored in all the business transactions of the remaining six days of the week is not quite in keeping with their idea of the cause. Hence the cause in much of the business of to-day, and

### The Have and the Bought it Sorely

among the whirling, rushing throng that crowd the market."

"To be used in the maintenance and extension of the work of God, at home as well as in the uttermost corners of the earth. To come a little nearer home you may be surprised to hear that during the last six years the Trade Department has given to the Spiritual Fund of our own Territory the sum of \$8,023.25 to carry on the war against Sin and Satan. What these figures have really meant to hundreds and thousands of earth's worst and most hopeless the Great Morning will alone reveal."

"Enough, Staff-Captain. Those last statements of yours have sort of scorched up any other objections I might have urged. Tell me, of how many does your Trade Department consist?"

"Forty; thirteen Officers and twenty-seven employees."

"How are your employees paid?"

### "Full Union Wages.

So you see, sweating is unknown in our workshops and departments."

"Excellent! How many departments have you?"

"Five: Printing, Etching, Tea, Tailoring, General Merchandise, including Publications, etc."

"Have you anything particular to tell your 'very' readers, in the way of new departments, etc.?"

"Oh, yes! Tell them that we have made arrangements with International Headquarters to supply us with their

course, larger profits, which in turn means greater facilities for carrying on the work of God. That this is no mere empty-sounding statement or rant, the following facts will indisputably prove. During the last ten years the International Trade Headquarters in Montreal, has handed over to the Spiritual Fund of the Salvation Army

No Less than \$400,000.

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(Continued from page 3.)

Once there, the two went straight into a warm bath, that risky and important operation (for it was their first) being completed, straight with all starved energy into bread and milk, from well-complained straight into the arms of that dear comforter God had provided for tired children of all years—sleep—from which awaking, straight into the charms of a rug doll and basket rattler.

Then three days after with no straight to the responsible authorities, and "to run a long story short," the children and I plied the case in such a straight way that with the Christ of the poor behind us, we three did no other than come off "More than conquerors" in the victory that rescued the lambs from cold and want and woe.

## Skeleton Captain's Heart Broke

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS had been offered by the chief publican of the town as the reward for the capture of the Salvation Army. This accumulated, the Blood and Fire banner was to be publicly burned for the amusement of the mob. For the Salvation Army was not wanted, there were plenty of churches, the town was far too aristocratic—were among the arguments with which our people were met—though sin and misery did abound up its byways and behind the ledges of empty profession, of which the persecution as represented in our picture was a proof.

Upon this particular night, stones fell fast and heavy, as stones always do,



sticks and rotten eggs were in abundance, and the very atmosphere seemed thick with the blasphemy of the tongues of our opponents. A given signal from the leader of the enemy's troops and some hundreds of men, bribed by publicans, made a desperate attack on our colors. I saw the wicker of my people fall, I saw the blood spilling from the temples of those who stood their ground in the struggle, I heard the cursing and swearing of the infuriated crowd as they saw their object thwarted, for our banner, carrying the marks of the conflict in its tattered folds, still waved.

Struggling to keep my feet at the head of the procession, I came face to face with the ring-leader, and 'neath the rays of the street lamp read the spite and hate enlivened in his countenance. I do not know how it was he did not strike me to the earth with the heavy stick he uplifted—but in his moment of hesitation, as quickly as ever I could, I said: "You know we love you and are only here because we want to help you."

Finding he commenced work at 6 a.m., it was a little after five when I called at his cottage for several mornings trying to get an interview, but was not successful, until one evening I walked right through the open door and expressed my determination to see him. Fortunately for me and the father's soul, at the very moment I put in my appearance, a cup of tea turned over the edge of the table, and although the catastrophe had thrown a pretty sprinkling over the tip of his shoe, there was no doubt in the infant mind but what it was boding death, for it screamed as only a fisherman's baby can, when determined to show off its exceptional lung power to the best of advantage.

Immediately seized my chance to render service, and when baby soothed, was

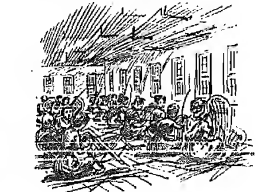
playing with my watch, I thought it an opportune moment to speak to the dark, wretched father of the child and said, "I do not know your name, so excuse me not using it, but I want to see you and talk with you—You must let me," and he did let me, and I talked, and I prayed, and I sang, and I cried, and I believed, and his heart broke, and the mother whizzed the baby out of the room, as though she would not disturb me for the world, when she saw his face hurried in his hands. I said—"Tray!" He said, "I'm too bad!" I said, "Tell the Lord you feel so." He said, "I don't know how!" I said, "Get down on your knees and I will talk out loud, and you say the words after me," and he did, through such sobs and groans, that the little rough dog on the mat whined pitifully, while it pulled at his coat. He soon wandered away from my prayer and talked to Heaven himself. It was so wonderful, wonderful to see him, wonderful to hear him, wonderful the way his face lit up, and wonderful how heartily he sang—but all that happiness is wonderful when a sinner is at the Cross. I fancied I heard the Angels shouting "There shall be great joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth." I left the garden gate, and while thinking now, I see him, as then, standing at the door with his baby in his arms, and his wife by his side, in the light of the cottage lamp and God's salvation. I am not quite sure, but I think I heard him say to the little dog Snap, "who seeming to know all about it showed frantic excitement, in flicking his boots all over—"Dear old Snap, you shall see a difference too."

There are lots of other things I would like to tell you, but I can't—there is not the time or space, besides, it is too late, and I am too tired.

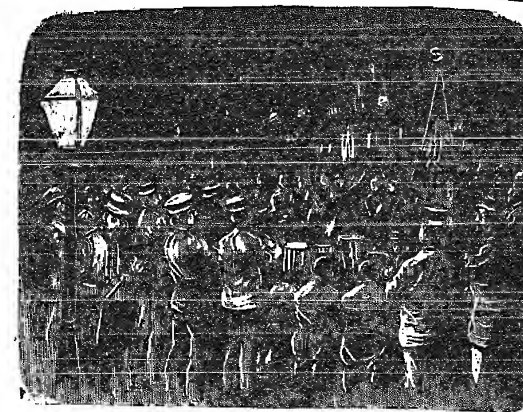
So, "to run a long story short," the change referred to by "Gus," in the promise given Snap was so great, that were it my privilege to introduce "Gus" to my readers, I should have to be careful to give him his title as a local officer of his Corps, fighting to uplift the flag that in his days of sin he sought to destroy.

## Jesus and I in a Factory.

A BIG HALL with nobody in it, which meant what always a large empty hall must mean, with big rent, with nobody to pay it. The people had never come—never would come—could not be persuaded to come, no matter what you did or didn't do—said or didn't say—was or wasn't, they would neither come to hear or to see. Such was the tale that was told me at the breakfast table the morning following my arrival in the quaint little town of



The very small number present at my first meeting of the night previous strongly backing up these statements, I began to wonder whether I should do through the week I had been sent to "strut things up," and asked, "Can you not get it



the people by exceptional visiting, and accomplish something in that way?"

"Oh, no," was the reply—"almost the whole population work in factories, chair-making, and to go to their homes would be to find them empty."

My course was immediately open, my way was clear before me—how it was I had never struck anybody else I could not imagine or stay to consider. A few more enquiries gave me the addresses and names with the hours of opening of the respective buildings down on the neck of an old envelope, and the following morning found me among the earliest to enter the big doors of the most important factory.

My first visit caused great surprise, I met with little besides cold sneers and stiff indifference, as I went from room to room and spoke to the different girls. One of the masters said I should divert the attention of the lassies from their work, and looked curiously at me as I perished in my various enquiries into the numerous whinnies and twinnies of the trade. It was considered I pertained with such marvellous rapidity. However, no one said anything actually unkind or disagreeable—in fact when I was going, one thin-faced girl whispered in my ear something about it being early for me to be up, or else she would ask me to come again.

My second visit spread into two and nearly three. Four or five days apart in the way above described rendered me privileges with which no others in the town were favored. Things so changed that the sight of my face inside those doors brought forth general expressions of pleasure—both in the men's factories as well as the women's. I could sing with the bangle all day if I liked and squeeze as many conversations as possible into the hours. But, as I talked and sang, looking at such a number of busy fingers, they began to wonder to enter into the fray that I asked for a share in the less important work, and to the delight of all became almost an appendage to the trade. It was considered I rendered such satisfactory service that my wages were to be paid in the form of two first-class chairs being especially made for me.

But what about the barracks? It was crowded night after night—of course it was, I had put myself out of the way and gone early to them and they did the same and came late to me—and, "to run a long story short," hundreds were converted. Their song of "My sins, my sins, my sins are under the Blood" was to be heard in the streets, ringing through the high windows of those great factory buildings—Army mottoes hung on their walls, and when I left the town, the station was full of men and women who wept and waved their handkerchiefs until the train, with me in tears as well, was out of sight.

If the people do not come to you—whether it is because they can't or won't—go to them!



The Field Commissioner appearing with twenty-five soldiers before the Magistrate at the Police Court, Torquay.

## A Photograph for Heaven.

I HAD BEEN RAINING, raining, raining until the sun set. All the same when we lifted our song that night, "Just as I am without one plea," the crowd numbered thousands of people. The thoroughfare was blocked—people behind—people before, people wherever you looked—and yet it was a neighborhood which knew the Salvation Army as well as any in the world.

A site for a new barracks could not be found, neither was there a building suitable to be purchased, and the faithful little band had held their meetings in the street through the changing seasons of four long years. On this wet night they were at their post—full of burning love, red-hot zeal and determined faith.

It was a wonderful sight. I remember I sized the sleeve of a policeman who mentioned something about it being time we were going, and asking him to step on the little temporary platform, and "Look with me; isn't it wonderful! I am sure the Angels must have made a photograph of such a picture to hang on the walls of Heaven."

The big drum and the little drum, with some chairs borrowed from the nearest houses, constituted the bandstand, and there were no less than fifty men kneeling there in the mud and the starlight, singing—"His Blood avails for me." The publican had greatly changed from the time the meeting began, and found out of the window of his large establishment in his shirt sleeves as if eager not to miss a word.

Ministers whose church services were concluded were there in the crowd side by side with the poorest and most forlorn—faithful soldiers stood with their arms around the neck of backsliders, and little children were to be seen crying, asking if they might be converted too.

Oh, why can we not do more with the chances that are given us in our streets!

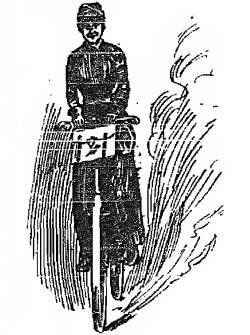
## Wheeling For God.

IT WAS the loveliest of mornings, and all the birds seemed to thank so, for they sang their prettiest solos, as I strapped my mackintosh cape to my handle bars. In fact, the feathered choir appeared as eager to give us a good send-off, as we were grateful for having one, and so, after a cup of tea, and some prayer—with a fair wind and shouts of "God bless you!" behind us—a six a.m. sun shining down upon us, and an eighty-six mile journey, followed by seven meetings before us, I and my twenty comrades struck out in radiant form with the whole bird world flying after us.

My wheel was—as a war-horse in battle for peace, should always be—in good trim—myself, well, I was in the best of spirits and ready for the attack. My stuff, judging from their ever-angry expressions dropped by the wayside, had been a soured and condescending faith, ringing halloos and shouts of glory—"Good morning, mother!" "Am glad to see you, father!" "Mind you get to Heaven, Mary!" and "Be a good boy, Tommy," were a few of the greetings which met the village occupants, as we flew from mile-stone to mile-stone. More than one cottage was called upon for a cup of tea, bread and butter and anything else that was good and cheap, for the greater number of my bright were of that sex, the appetites of whom

220 100 well-known to need comment here.

Opportunities were made for prayer-meetings and several persons were dealt with about their souls. Then the lights of Norwich City fell in with the lights of our lamp, and we made no small stir as in full uniform attire we fulfilled our speeding announcements, that we were to arrive on Saturday night.



I was not expected at that night's meeting, and between us two I was not sorry, for I dropped into bed the first chance, the mother-heart at my billet offered, and was not troubled with sleeplessness, either. All the same, the next morning early breezes blew in reports of the big crowd and splendid time my fellow travellers had.

Two followed some of the most blessed meetings of my experience in my childhood's land, concluding with between eighty and a hundred souls—£25—a right-down hearty invitation to come again, especially if I could manage to do so in such an inexpensive way, and a "God bless you!" from every Soldier, the fervency of which came with me to Canada.

I certainly felt most sleepy and tired on looking at my oil-can to re-perpetrate my wheel on Tuesday morning, and seriously wondered how my feet would not when put to the test of propelling through the long journey home.

Then it had rained heavily through the night, and every cyclist knows the eccentric tendencies of a road that has been the recipient of a steady pour through the hours of the night, no matter what the weather. The awakening sun may put forth to patch the mud puddles. However, again a cup of tea made a world of difference to that feeling, and my heart was as light as a feather over the number of sinners saved, and the number of soldiers blessed, that although I could not see it, I am sure it was with a bright face, as well as with spirit of impetuosity I mounted and fell into line as the Officers approached my billet door.

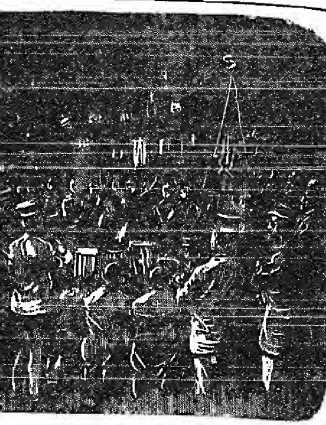
We had not got over the first thirty miles before reinforcements in the shape of mackintosh capes were in command, and a strong head wind called most strength to the front.

Some parts of the road were excessively slippery, and one's equilibrium seemed to be kept more by faith than skill, for it was one of the cleverest riders who said "I was not the man to turn over but the soldiers stop" as quite by mistake he found himself under his machine instead of on it. The wheels of several others seemed to run on the line "Harden up, my boys," as well as strictly adhering to the principle "Never give in," for what they could not ride through they rolled through, coming to a standstill the right way up before a bright little cottage somewhere half-way between Norwich and London.

Had we been dressed any other than as we were, we should not have appeared very presentable, for the wind, out of kindness, had vigorously combed our hair, the rain had, with the best of good wishes, re-washed us on the way, the mud all in good humor played hop, skip and a jump with every revolution of the wheel. But the Army uniform gives a man and a woman a respectable appearance under all circumstances, and I am sure the old man who answered our knocking thought so, for you could not call it any other than an abundant entrance, he envied with a face that laughed in every feature when he cried, "Come in, come in, sit yer down—anywhere, anywhere. Yes, the parlour or the kitchen, which you choose." We chose the kitchen, the parlor appearing so full of sacred treasures, that had we got in, to turn round and get out without a renewal of baggage would have puzzled a statesman.

We were safe in the kitchen—besides, we thought as the rest of the world, we could help the kettle boil by looking at it, and in spite of the naples with which a dear soldier on the road had filled our pockets, we were hungry.

"Why, dad," I said, as he entered with a huge jug of milk, "why did you not tell me you were a Salvationist?" for I had just discovered that the War Cry ought to be no need or telling—ought



## A Photograph for Heaven.

open, my I could A few addresses of the following st to important

I T HAD BEEN RAINING, raining, raining until the sun act. All the time when we lifted our song that night, "Just by the sun without a plea," the crowd numbered thousands of people. The thoroughfare was blocked people behind people before, people wherever you looked—and yet it was a neighborhood which knew the Salvation Army as well as any in the world.

A site for a new barracks could not be found, neither was there a building suitable to be purchased, and the faithful little band held their meetings in the street through the changing seasons of four long years. On this wet night they were at their post—full of loving love, true-hot zeal and determined faith.

It was a wonderful sight. I remember I asked the sleeve of a policeman who mentioned something about it being time we were going, and asking him to step on the little temporary platform, said: "Look with me: isn't it wonderful? I am sure the Angels must have made a photograph of such a picture to hang on the walls of Heaven."

The big drum and the little drum, with some chairs borrowed from the nearest houses, constituted the "platform," and there were so less than fifty-two kneeling there in the mud and the storm, singing—"This Blood avails for me!" The pulpit had greatly changed from the time the meeting began, and leaned out of the window of his large establishment in his shirt sleeves as if eager not to miss a word.

Clergymen whose church services were concluded were there in the crowd side by side with the poorest and most forlorn-looking soldiers, hood with their arms around the neck of backsliders, and little children were to be seen crying, asking if they might be converted too. Oh, why can we not do more with the chances that are given us in our streets!

## Wheeling For God.

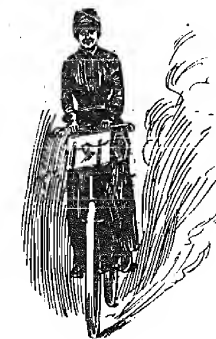
I T WAS the loveliest of mornings, and all the birds seemed to think so, for they sang their prettiest song as I struggled my makeshift cage to my hand. In fact, the feathered choir appeared as eager to give us a good send-off, as we were grateful for having one, and so, after a cup of tea, and some prayer—with a fair wind and shouts of "God bless you!" behind us—a wix a m, sun shining down upon us, and an eighty-mile mile journey, followed by seven meetings before us, I and my twenty comrades struck out in regional form with the whole bird world flying after us.

My wheel was—a war-horse in battle for peace should always be—in good trim: myself, well, I was in the best of spirits and ready for the attack by staff, judging every varying expressions dropped by the way, had burning souls and conquering faith, for ringing halloos and shouts of glory. "Good morning, mother!" "Am glad to see you, father!" "Mind you get to Heaven, Mary," and "Bo a good boy, Tommy," were a few of the greetings which met the village occupants as we flew from mile-stone to mile-stone.

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Then followed some of the most blessed messages of my experience in my childhood's land, concluding with between sleep and a hundred souls—224—a right-damn hearty invitation to come again, (especially if I could manage to do so in such an inexpensive way,) and a "God bless you!" from every soldier, the fervency of which came with me to Canada.

I certainly felt most sleepy and tired on looking at the prospect of my first night's sleep, and I was not sorry, for I dropped into bed the first chance, the mother-heart at my billet, offered, and was not troubled with sleeplessness, either. All the same, the next morning early breezes blew in reports of the big crowd and splendid time my fellow travellers had.

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"Why, dunn," I said, as he entered with a huge jug of milk, "why did you tell me you were a Salvationist?" for I had just discovered that week's Cry. "Ought to be no need of telling,—ought

## The War Cry

### MISS BOOTH

(The Field Commissioner)

Will conduct the Opening Meetings of the New Barracks, accompanied by the Headquarters Staff Band

AT **BARRIE,**  
**SUNDAY, DEC. 20th.**  
11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m.

### 'THANK GOD-AT LAST!'

Or, Two Boys Found.  
A Story of the Enquiry Department.



URING the month of October, although only eight cases came to hand, we had the joy of being able to report, so far, six found of the eight, which means six homes being brightened by the glorious news of knowing the whereabouts of long-lost but not forgotten relatives.



One case, in particular, was a poor old lady, who had two sons leave her some years ago for the far West, to make a home for themselves and mother. It seemed they very soon forgot they had left a poor, old, crippled, widowed mother at home to battle this life alone. The poor old lady waited patiently for news, but no news came. Having heard of our valuable Missing Column in the War Cry, she came to see me. I shall never forget her coming into the office: crippled with rheumatism and pouring out her pitiful tale, and what would become of her unless we found some trace of her boys. After ascertaining the poor old soul that I would do all that I could and not leave a stone unturned to find her boys, she went away greatly cheered over the thought that most likely, very soon, she would know where her two boys were. After writing and advertising for three or four weeks, we received a slip of paper, enclosed in an envelope, with the following words on: "Canmore, Alberta.

"Miss Eva Booth: "Will you please let me know who was enquiring for us? Robert H. and Alexander H., seeing our names in the War Cry we were surprised. I am Robert and Alex. is on a ranch. Write soon. Good-bye. Yours truly, "ROBERT H."

Right after receiving this note the mother came again, to see what success I had met with. I read the little note to her, and oh! what a change came over her. Her eyes brightened and she remarked, with her two hands coming together, "Thank God—at last!"

Since then I have written them, and now the dear old soul is rejoicing over the thought of knowing where her boys are, and that she will be provided for, ever her. This is only one case, which I was sure enough to convince you that our Missing Column has become a mighty blessing to many a home.

Since we first started here in this Territory, we have had 1,848 cases pass through our hands. I do hope and trust no one will pass by the Missing Column without reading it through, for you never know what help you can render us.

—CAPTAIN ED. J. FLETCHER, Enquiry Department, S. A. Lifeboat, Toronto.

### EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT!

### Next Week's Issue

will contain the announcement of one of the most God-glorifying, saint-motivating and devil-terrifying tactics of the War that has been made for many years from the Administrative Centre.

What's it all about?  
Who does it concern?  
Will it affect Me?  
What on Earth can it be?  
**THIS IS NO FAKE AD.**

The Provincial Officers,  
All the Chancellors,  
Many of the District Officers,  
Every Field Officer, and even the Local Officers and Soldiers will be concerned. No doubt, many will telegraph to Headquarters as soon as they hear the latest.

### GENERAL ORDER to FIELD OFFICERS Re LOCAL OFFICERS' COMMISSIONS.

All Local Officers' Commissions throughout the Territory expire on December 31st. All Treasurers and Secretaries will please forward their Commissions to their Provincial Officer. Commissions of all other Local Officers should be forwarded to the District Officer.

### Key to this Cry

Local Officers	PAGE
READ "Thriftiness"	2
Auxiliaries	
READ "Superintendence"	4
Officers	
READ "Lessons in Divine Living"	4
Married Couples	
READ "His Tongue"	6
Friends of Missions	
READ "The Army in India"	10
Evangelized Ex-Soldiers	
READ "Forgotten Friends"	10
Backsliders	
READ "A Letter from a Prodigal"	11
and "Come Home"	7
Sticklers at Army Trade	
READ "Trading for God"	11
If You are Short of Time	
READ "Sharp Shot"	11
Song Singers	
LOOK AT "Christmas Chimes"	14
Friends of the G.M.M.	
READ "Progression and Aggression"	14
J.S. Workers	
READ "Help"	6
Boys and Girls	
READ "Little Magic"	6
Musicians	
STUDY "Turn Back"	3
Officers, Soldiers, Friends and the General Public	
READ "Handicapped"	8, 9, 12
and "You Little Thing"	3

Then there is "Veterans" page, also "The Story Teller" page, and much other very interesting matter for readers generally.



# Christmas Chimes

Tune.—Bread of Heaven, B. J., No. 297.  
Calcutta, B. J., 23.

1 Son of God, from Heaven descending,  
Angel-choirs Thy coming tell;  
Shouters with their voices are ten-  
ing,  
With their songs the anthem swell—  
Who are worthy,  
To redeem lost souls from hell?

Peace on earth, to man good tidings,  
He has come the slaves to free;  
Come to hunt the broken-hearted,  
And Salvation bring to me.  
Great Deliverer!  
Thou from hence my theme shall be.

Conqueror o'er sin and darkness,  
Death and hell alike defied;  
Thou didst bruise the head of Satan,  
When the stream flowed from Thy side.  
Mighty Saviour!  
Thou we praise at Christmastide.

—10—

Tune.—We are Sweeping Through the  
Land, B. J., No. 15; Oh, What But-  
tles I've Seen, B. J., 55; We're Sure  
to Finish Well, B. J., 118.

2 Let us join in happy song,  
As we spread the news abroad,  
Of the coming of our Saviour from  
the sky.  
To the poor and needy, He  
came a Friend indeed to be,  
And a Comforter to those who to Him  
cry.

Chorus.

Oh, the depths of Jesus' love  
That has brought Him from above,  
Sorrow-bearing, life declaring,  
We will tell it through the land.

Many hearts rejoice to-day,  
Let your sorrow flee away,  
And the radiance of His glory fill your  
soul.

In your sin no longer mourn,  
Unto you a Child is born,  
To redeem you from the thralldom of the  
Fall.

Faithful eyes behold the land,  
That's prepared at God's right hand,  
And the glories that await the ransomed  
there.

May we one day swell the song,  
Of the blood-washed, happy throng,  
Who have conquered, and do now those  
glories share.

—10—

## SALVATION.

Tunes.—Auld Lang Syne; Bright Crowns;  
Then for the Awful Day Prepare, or  
any common metre, M. S., Volume  
1, No. 7; B. J., 29; Ellis Rhoe, B. J.,  
65.

3 Hark from the Mercy Seat He calls,  
Prepare and turn to God!  
Come rich and poor, come great  
and small,  
He'll save you through His blood.

Chorus.

There's no salvation in the grave,  
And sorry you must die.

Jehovah waits your soul to save,  
And fit you for the sky;  
There's no salvation in the grave,  
And shortly you must die.

Soon death will drag you to the Throne,  
Where vivid lightnings blaze,  
There guilty sinners stand alone,  
Before His piercing gaze.

No pain, no crown, no crown so bright,  
Oh, awful fate,  
No hour of light, eternal night,  
Outside the Golden Gate.

—10—

Tune.—A Never-Fading Friend, M. S.,  
Vol. 11, No. 57; B. J., 83.

4 Bright angels came singing over  
Bethlehem's plain,  
To bring us glad tidings of joy;  
And all may this Christmas be happy  
again—  
Sing, "Glory to Jesus on High."  
Put salvation on a manger and a cross,  
The price of redemption to pay,  
The Lord, who is good, brought sin-  
cering blood,  
On the morn of the first Christmas Day.

Chorus.

A happy Christmas Day,  
A happy Christmas Day,  
The Lord was born on Christmas morn,  
To take our sins away;  
A happy Christmas Day,  
A happy Christmas Day,  
Behold the Lamb and then you'll have  
A happy Christmas Day.



THE TRAVELLING BAND OF THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

Be glad and rejoice, there is no one like  
Christ,  
Salvation in Him we can see;  
Dead sinners awake by the power of  
His voice,  
The Crown of Creation is His,  
The world won't forget the Name He has  
left,  
All glory with Jesus will stay;  
Sincerity's worth came wrapped up in  
earth,  
All time is but one Christmas Day.

Around Jesus' throne, sing a new Christ-  
mas song,  
Fill earth with Emmanuel's praise;  
The Salvation Lion of Judah is strong,  
God's Child is the Ancient of Days,  
The Infant Divine, with a nature sublime,  
Abode in a dwelling of clay,  
Our burdens He took, and His all He for-  
sook.

To give us a bright Christmas Day,  
God's great gift of love gladly came  
from above,  
Immortal Salvation to give;  
He went to the Cross, baptised with the  
Dove,  
To suffer that sinners might live,  
The earth He has given the living way to  
Heaven,  
His royal commands we'll obey;  
With almighty power our foes He has  
driven,  
And He'll give us a good Christmas  
Day.

COLONEL PEARSON.

## Progression Aggression.

By MAJOR J. READ.

H! AH! What? Can it  
be possible? It has reach-  
ed our ears that some of  
the Field Officers don't like  
poor Lazarus' boxes!  
Some new Field Officers  
also declare that certain  
box-holders will not buy a "Cry"  
because they put their coppers in the  
box. This is certainly a new phase on the  
excuse law, and we must declare that  
such box-holders are few and far be-  
tween. If there should be any left we  
advise them to still continue to drop their  
coppers in their box and buy a "Cry" week-  
ly, just to see what great good their box  
money has done, is doing, and will do.  
It is not difficult to invent excuses. The  
Devil is always hard to give all kinds  
of "this" on this line. Scorn him!

We have an idea that PETEROLA is  
again coming to the front this quarter.  
Eldred Boothell writes that he  
likes the work and will still do his best  
for the scheme.  
SPECIAL TO PROVINCIAL AGENTS:  
"Eldred Boothell, of Cardiff, Wales, was  
some of the Lord's money being tussling

disrested with his apparent failure to  
get LOCAL donations, and decided to  
take hold of the very street in which he  
lived. He visited PAVY HOUSE, made  
an appeal, and left a pamphlet on the  
scheme, which also promised another  
call for a reply. The result is that FOR-  
TY-FIVE out of those 15 houses took  
boxes."

Of course it can be done!!!



Major Jolliffe, of England, is an enthu-  
siastic lover of the scheme. To a certain  
Officer he recently said: "Inspiration  
and work is what we want. Why, look  
here! I have one Agent who is Pen-  
itent-Form Sergeant, who, after dealing  
with two penitents, got them to take  
a box each."

The Major declares that the three  
greatest needs of this special work are:  
1. People who will regularly put their  
money in the box—not leave it till the  
end of the quarter.

2. Agents so dissatisfied with things  
AS THEY ARE that they will do some  
hard canvassing every week to get new  
boxes placed out.

3. Agents who are not Salvationists  
to reach outer circles of friends. And  
we firmly believe it, too.

A Question and its reply:—"Is the box  
supposed to be in use every day? I've  
noticed none the country that it is only  
as a rule on the table on Sundays."

"We ask for a cent a week at the  
beginning of the month, and we hope to  
see it made for the poor—better-off  
people should produce it every day. Even  
if the minimum weekly cent were given  
by all, our total would be immensely in-  
creased."

Welcome, Miss Annie Vance, the new  
Local Agent for Port Hope. This is an-  
other good acquisition. . . Belleville  
got \$3.47 at its last collection. Great  
praise be due to L. A. Cousens.

In our box, having been there since last  
June (not very much, I suppose, these  
hard times) but it seems to me that if  
little the Master's work needs it, so  
thought I would just drop you a line to  
wake up our Agent or remind a new  
one if the old one is tired or retired."

This should be noted by our Local  
Agents.  
Sister Underwood has been duly ap-  
pointed a Local Agent for Port Hope.

Local Agent Dora Cole, of Camp-  
bellford, has taken her appointment in  
the right spirit. She writes: "I intend  
doing this work for God. . . I will try  
and make it a success. . . I am real  
well in soul. . . God is blessing me  
in taking up my cross daily."

The G. B. M. box in the Financial Of-  
fice at the Temple which is chained to  
the counter, is about full. The postman  
contributed regularly and sees that the  
Financial Department officials do like  
the work. . . The printers of the "Cry"  
have a box, and each man drops in five  
cents weekly.

## Special Hints for P.A.s.

(1) Get select friends to take two or  
three boxes and act as their own Agents  
for the same.

(2) Where there is a box in a fam-  
ily, get one of the children to act as the  
Agent.

(3) You should have a target for the  
coming quarter. So should each L. A.  
also each box-holder. Please tell them.

(4) Well announce the box scheme in  
every Junior Soldier Lantern Service.

(5) Meet your Local Agents at the  
towns you visit and be sure to have them  
on the platform at your meeting with  
good smiles on and a supply of boxes.

(6) Each Agent should be permitted to  
take boxes. There is a good mine if re-  
solutely worked.

SPECIAL TO LOCAL AGENTS: Be-  
ginning with January '91, we hope to  
send each L. A. enough re-  
demptive pamphlets to leave one at the door of  
each of their box-holders every month.

These little missives will be full of fact  
and figures about the G. B. M. Scheme  
and will be a great help.

THE VERY LATEST MEMS:  
New Agents: Ada Gorman, Yarmouth;  
Mrs. Kinney, Yarmouth; Silvey Dain,  
Digby; Minnie Medow, Dartmouth; Mrs.  
Rose, Dartmouth.

Local Agent Duval, of St. John's, has  
written: "I am pushing my boxes about  
well. I have a grand time here working  
for the Lord. Got all my boxes out  
Yarmouth has just got \$5.33. Port Hope  
has \$2.22, and Charle's Harbor \$2.00. Har-  
bour's Port Hope in its recent episode  
got \$10.00 out of its 20 boxes. Not bad  
at all."

LOOK ALIVE, PROVINCIAL AND  
LOCAL AGENTS!!!

God sees hearts as we see faces.







**I WAS MISS BOOTH'S** wish that the pages of the Christmas War Cry should be opened for a Christmas testimony and message from some of our oldest Soldiers in the ranks. We are, accordingly, publishing a few typical messages just as they were sent to the War Cry with the exception of the insertion of a few punctuation points in order to help the sense of what it was intended should be expressed. The Commissioner desired that OUR VETERANS should speak, and so we have let them.

Jake Carroll is unknown to us personally. As is the case with some more of us, "his education has evidently been neglected," but bless God he "can read his little clear to millions in the skies," and that's more than many a fine scholar can do.

Mrs. Medlock is a bona fide Soldier and a regular War Cry boomer, worthy of all praise.

The remaining veterans are so well-known they scarcely need introducing, but we might say that Mother Florence, though not devoting all her time to the actual service of the Army, as formerly, still holds forth the Word of Life to the customers and others who visit her corner store on Tavueley Street, Toronto.

### Mother Florence.



**JESUS** saves me now, after 14 years a Soldier in the great S. A. God has kept me firm through evil and good report, lying and slander. When they said the Salvation Army would go down, I said "No it won't! It would go up," and today finds me a Soldier. Glory to God!

I was in the church flower-pot, and I got pot-bound, but the dear Lord transplanted me into the Salvation Army garden. I have the same sun and rain, but the root has room to grow, and now my soul is like a well-watered garden. Glory to God! I have had troubles and trials, and I have graduated in the school of adversity, but trials give new life to prayer and trials bring me to His feet, lay me low and keep me there. I love the light, and only wish I was young again, I would do more for His sake and the Kingdom. I do pray very often for our dear Officers, Commanders and Soldiers not to get weary in well-doing, but to work while it is day, for "the night cometh when no man can work." You will have trials, I have had them. You will have troubles—I have had them. We shall not be like the dear Master if we had no sorrow, for he was a Man of sorrows; I was a trouble upon trouble, and wave upon wave, lying and slandering that has made our dear Salvation Army what it is to-day. It is the burning of the gold that refines it; it was the pit for Joseph, the den for Daniel, the fire for the Hebrew children. It was David's own son, Abraham's trial of his faith and the Cross for Jesus, and if you, my Comrade, will live Godly in Christ Jesus, you must suffer. There is no way to get wheat out of straw, but

to thrash it, and if we are going to be wheat for the Heavenly garner we must bear the rod, but He will do it in love. I know it hurts—it hurts me, and often the tears will flow, and even while I write this I cannot keep them back, but they drop in God's bottle. I often weep for joy to think that God saved me, for sorrow over the sinner, for joy to know I belong to God and the Salvation Army—for sorrow to see so many who once were good Soldiers and Officers go back on God and the Salvation Army. O! be true to God! Fight on! Struggle on! Wrestle on, for soon the day will break and the light shine, and you will be with that white-washed throng that came out of great tribulation, who washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, where there will be no sorrow. That God may bless you and make His face to shine on you, and be gracious unto you, is the prayer of

Your Mother in Christ,  
MOTHER FLORENCE.

### Mrs. Medlock.

I've been converted 25 years. I was brought to God in the Old Country when the Army was called "Christian Mission." The influence of a sister-in-law got me to the meeting, and by the shining faces of those who testified, I was convinced that I was a sinner. I had no peace till I found God.

One day, when I was cleaning my stove, I was in such agony about my soul I did not finish my work, but got upon my knees. I wrestled with the powers of darkness about an hour. Till God said, "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace, and sin no more." I sprang to my feet, I danced and jumped with gladness. I'm glad to tell you that I am determined to go forward in His strength. There are twelve of us, as a family, and all are Salvationists, all singers and musical as well.

### Jake Carroll.

#### His First Letter.

Saved Drunker, four 17 years I was a slave o' drink, while lesson to Army Pricking Salvation I came to Jesus and Repented and He forgave my sins. He Blood Cleansing from all sin. "Blessed are those servant whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching, verily I say unto you that he shall give himself and make them to sit down to meat and will come forth and served them. 9 years saved and kept, Brye

hels grace. Amen! Yours in the light Salvence Wear. Give tow Jesus glory. thes his first letter I ever wrot in my lire. it is the best I I can doo.

### Auntie Roach.

THE FACE which accompanies this sketch is one well-known and loved by many comrades and friends throughout Canadian and other Salvation Army fields. Sister Roach—or, as we all love to call her "Auntie Roach,"—of Ingersoll, Corp., has endured herself to many by her beautiful spirit in which may be clearly seen the reflection of the Lord loved so well and followed so faithfully. Her face is lit up at the sight of a Comrade's face, and the mention of the Saviour's name.

With the heavy of ripe Christian experience, yet childlike sympathy, Auntie has been an inspiration many a time to a down-hearted or disconsolate soul.

In answer to a query about her service, Auntie says, "Yes my dear, I have been a good many years on the way—fifty-six years as the last of this last January since I gave my heart to Jesus. Young? Well, I was nineteen then, but I should have been saved 8 years before that, for God gave His Spirit early to strive with me. Yes, indeed! I firmly believe in the conversion of children—you know a child's faith is the very best of faith, simple, confiding trust, that's it. We used to belong to the King Street Methodist Church (always was in the good old Wesleyan Church—never would waver, though several new bodies were formed from the old original body, yet I remained true to my first choice) until 12 years ago next October I decided to take my stand as a Salvation Soldier. It was while dear Captain F. was stationed here. We had attended from the opening. Seem strange? No! not a bit. I fell right in love with them from the very first, for their zeal, earnestness and power reminded me of the old times in the Methodist meeting house, in Plymouth, England.

I was a Soldier just a week when it was shown me I must change my dress, and put on the uniform. I don't know how people can go on dressing just like the world, and yet be Christians. I never



could, but after I became a Soldier, I was more separate. I think we should all be. Don't you?"

To be sure we had some persecution in those days, but we had SUCH glorious times. I could march then, and it didn't matter if an apple, egg, or stone came along, we got so much blessing.

Quite a large number of Officers have gone out to the field who were saved in those early days. I well remember when Tom—Brigadier Scott now—came to ask my advice about joining the Army. "What do you think about it?" said he.

"Well, my boy, where did you receive the light?"

"Why, in the Army."

"Well, if you received light and blessing in the Army, stay there. Follow the light." I told him, Oh, if people would only follow the light!

Many, too, are come home to Heaven. I am going, too. It won't be long now. Praise the Lord! I'm ready. Glory be to God!

Although I cannot go to meeting or march, the Saviour is always with me, and we have such beautiful seasons with God. Although we have a meal of this world's goods, we are happy and content, looking forward to a Mansion above, undecified, which I intend not away.

MUNNIE KENNEDY,  
Regular Correspondent,  
Ingersoll.

### Dad Watkings.

"I came to Jesus fourteen years ago, a bad, miserable sinner. Thank God! He gave me a clean heart. Glory to Jesus! and made me ready for His blessed Kingdom in Heaven. Praise His Name! All you sinners come to Jesus and get saved and meet me in Heaven. A-MEN!"

### Corps Treasurer.

### Mary T. Ellis.

One of the very first to join the Salvation Army in Charlottetown, I can say that after about 11 years' experience as a Soldier and Local Officer that I love the dear old Army with all my heart. My whole soul is in the work. It is beautiful! Grand and glorious! My soul is often blessed beyond the power of expression, and through grace, I am determined to be a true and faithful soldier to the end.

Salvationists are lovely people. In their company I am at home. I have met them in England, Ireland and Scotland. All alike we were one.

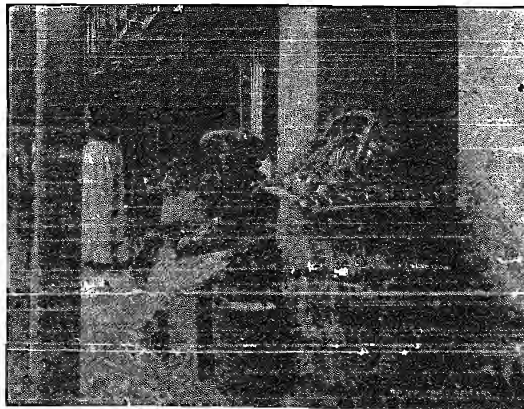
I have a brother a Staff-Captain in England.

May God abundantly bless our beloved Commissioner. Tears of joy rolled off my face as I read of her reception in my native land (Newfoundland). I knew it would be so. She would get it in a simplified form here that it would be EXCELLENT!

The Commissioner, accompanied by the Staff Band, opens the new barracks at Barrie, December 29th.

Staff-Captain Simonton, the Comptroller of Finances, is on a visit to Montreal and other Eastern Ontario cities, in connection with property matters.

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Two War Cry Customers in Hamilton, Bermuda.



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